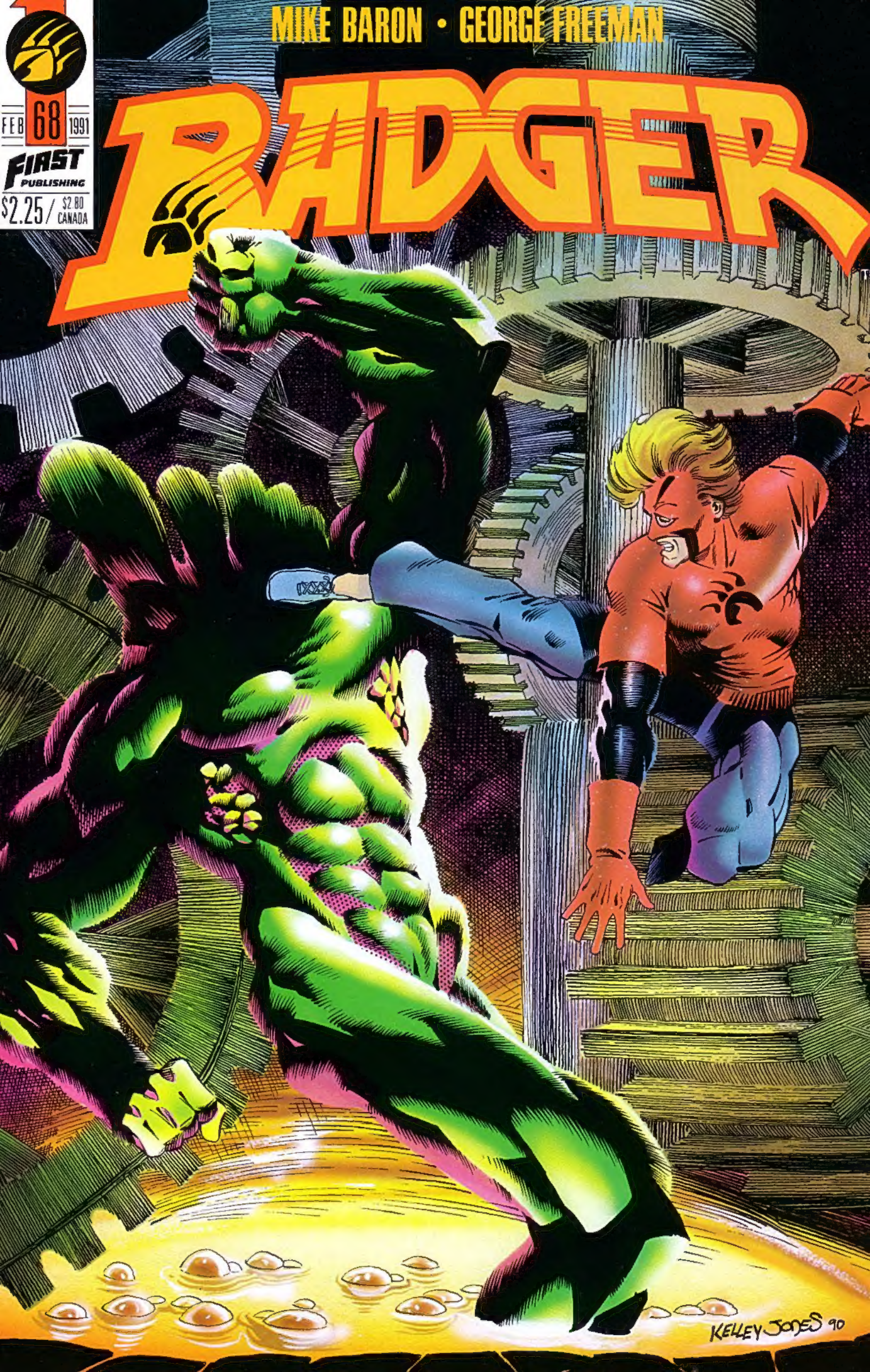




MIKE BARON • GEORGE FREEMAN



FEB 68 1991

FIRST PUBLISHING

\$2.25 / \$2.80 CANADA

# RADGER

KELLEY JONES 90



# BADGER™

CREATED BY MIKE BARON



**B**adger, a self-styled crime fighter, metes out bloody justice to jaywalkers, ticket scalpers, indifferent teenaged fast-food clerks — in fact, any-damn-body he feels like, because he's CRAZY!

Badger is just one side of **Norbert Sykes**, a Vietnam veteran with a personality problem: it's split seven ways. Nevertheless, Norbert almost always finds himself in a Badger state of mind, which suits his wife, **Mavis Davis Sykes, M.D.**, just fine.

Badger is a master of Shorin-ryu and dozens of other obscure, esoteric, arcane, not to mention abstruse martial arts. He can also talk to the animals — just like Dr. Doolittle. Only with better results.

Badger and Mavis live with **Ham the Weather Wizard** in a castle south of Barneveld, Wisconsin. Ham and Badger met while both were inmates at a state mental hospital. Through cunning and chicanery, Ham has amassed a considerable fortune.

Badger calls everyone Larry.

**Last Issue:** Badger was hired to babysit **Farley Blutarski**, TV comic and *enfant terrible*. Farley's naughty playmates complicated Badger's life — and ended Farley's.

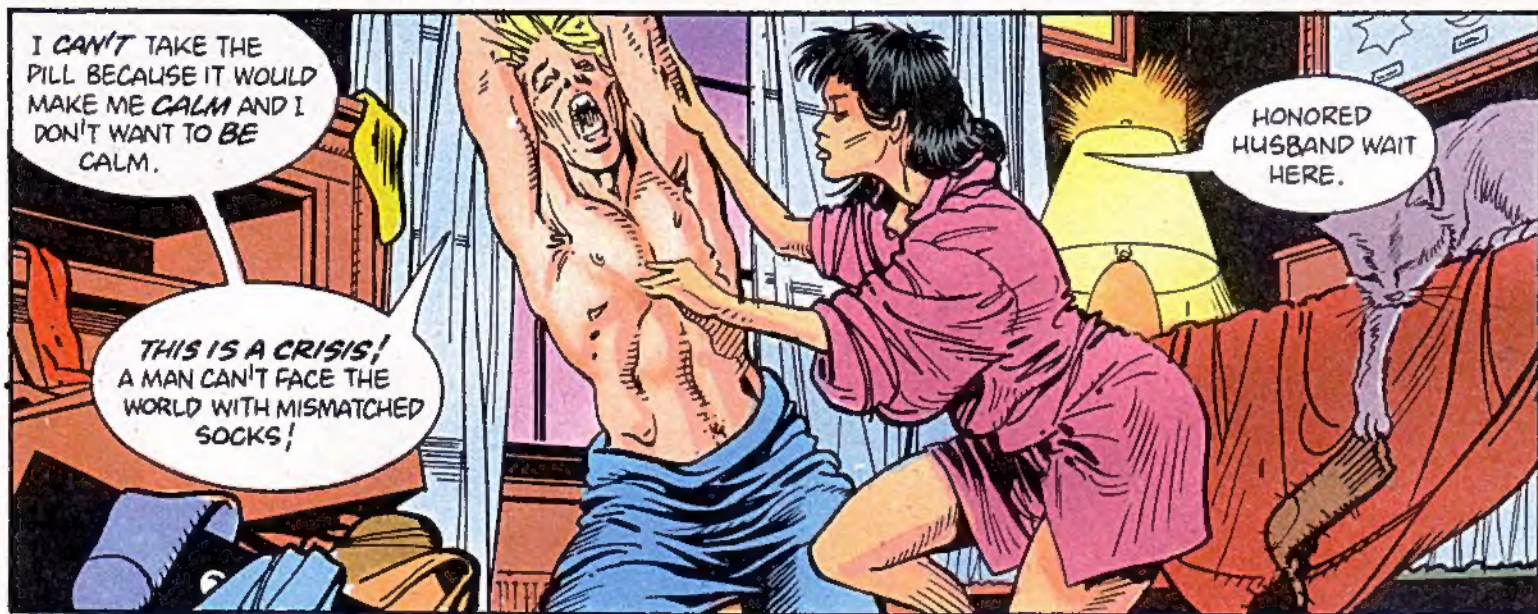
COVER ART: **Steven Butler**. Color by **Ian Tetrault**.

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I CAN'T TAKE THE PILL BECAUSE IT WOULD MAKE ME CALM AND I DON'T WANT TO BE CALM.

THIS IS A CRISIS!  
A MAN CAN'T FACE THE  
WORLD WITH MISMATCHED  
SOCKS!

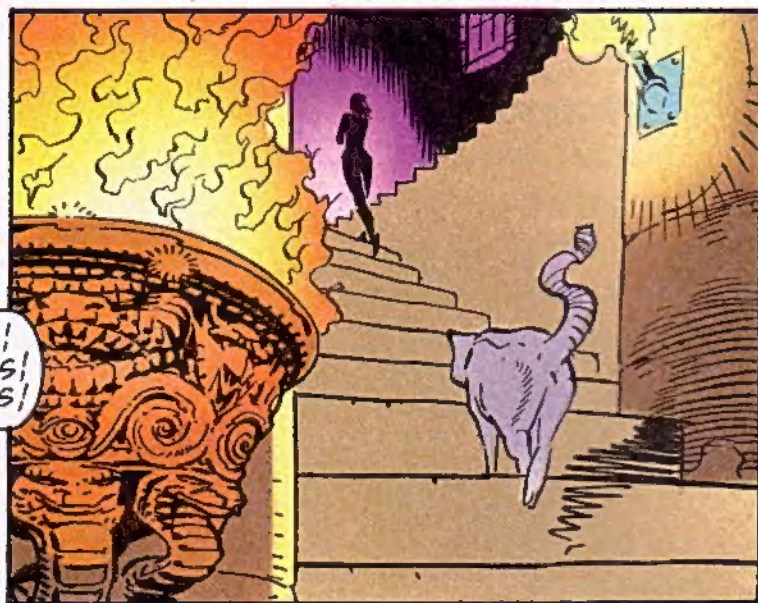
HONORED  
HUSBAND WAIT  
HERE.



GOOD  
MORNING,  
SNEAKERS!!!

BOO HOO!  
MY SOCKS!  
MY SOCKS!

PURRRR

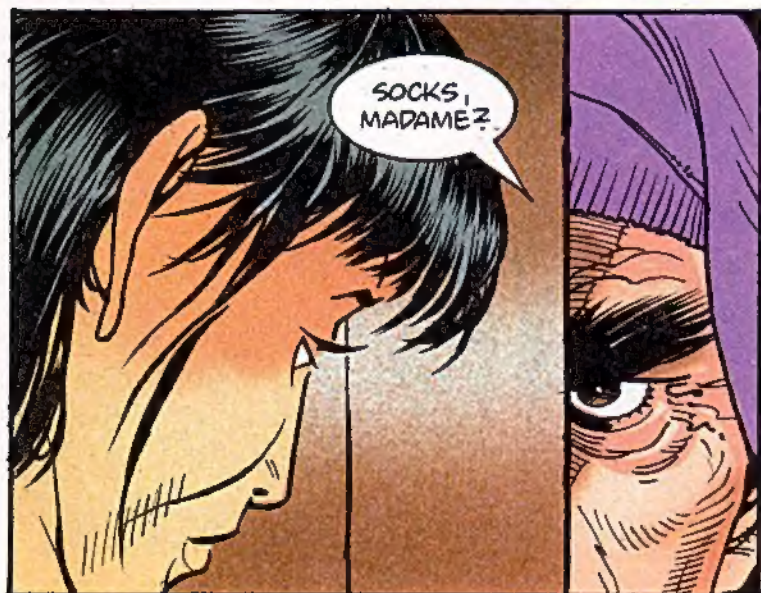


HAM? CAN  
NORBERT BORROW  
A PAIR OF SOCKS?



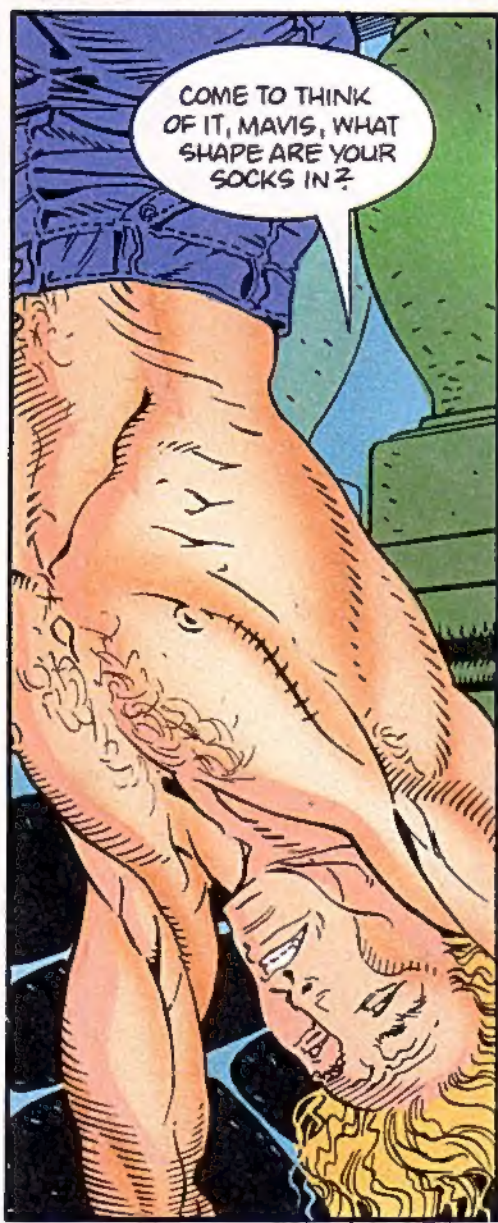
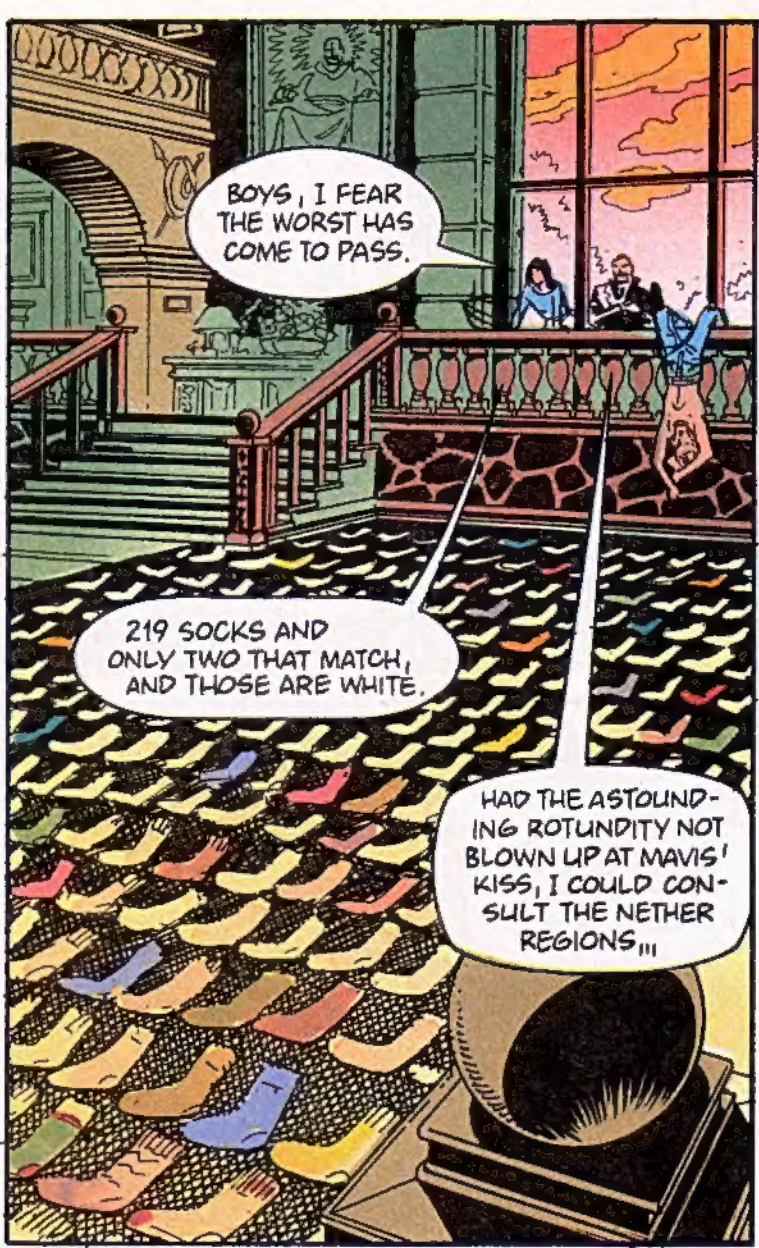
WOULD YOU LIKE  
TO SEE MY WARDROBE?  
I HAVE A BLACK SOCK!  
I HAVE A GREY SILK  
SOCK!

I HAVE ONE EACH OF THE  
FOLLOWING: RED, PUCE, AND  
SALMON ARGYLE, BLACK ON  
WHITE DANCING SKELETONS!!!  
LITTLE BLINKING  
CHRISTMAS TREE  
LIGHTS!!!

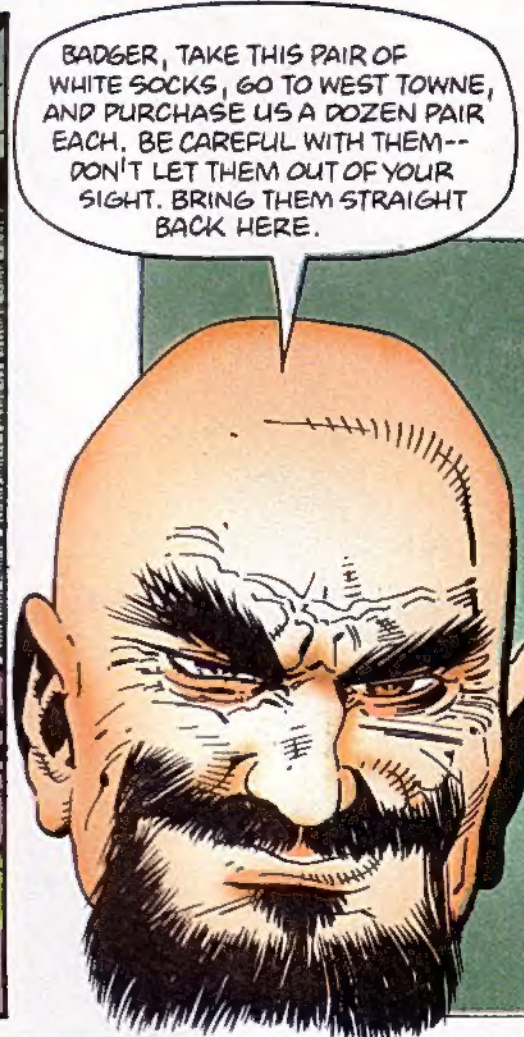
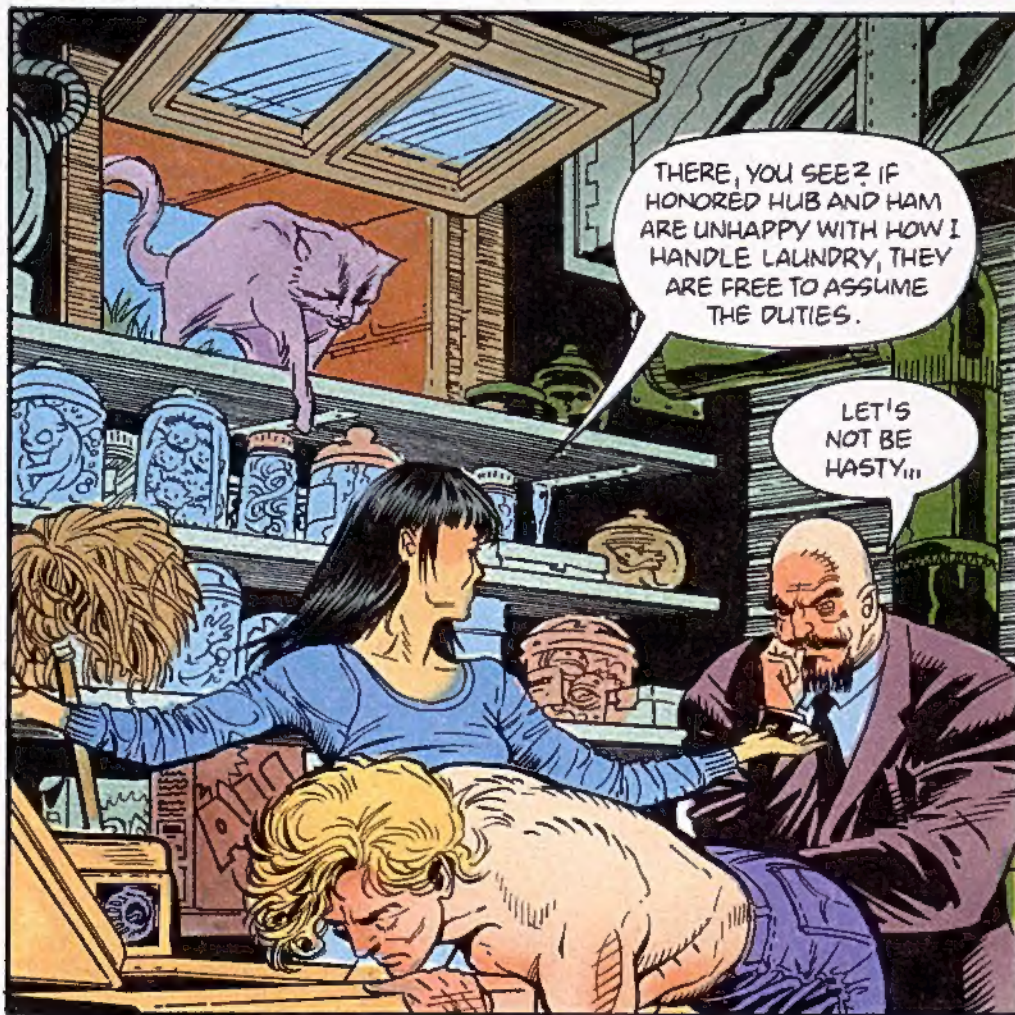
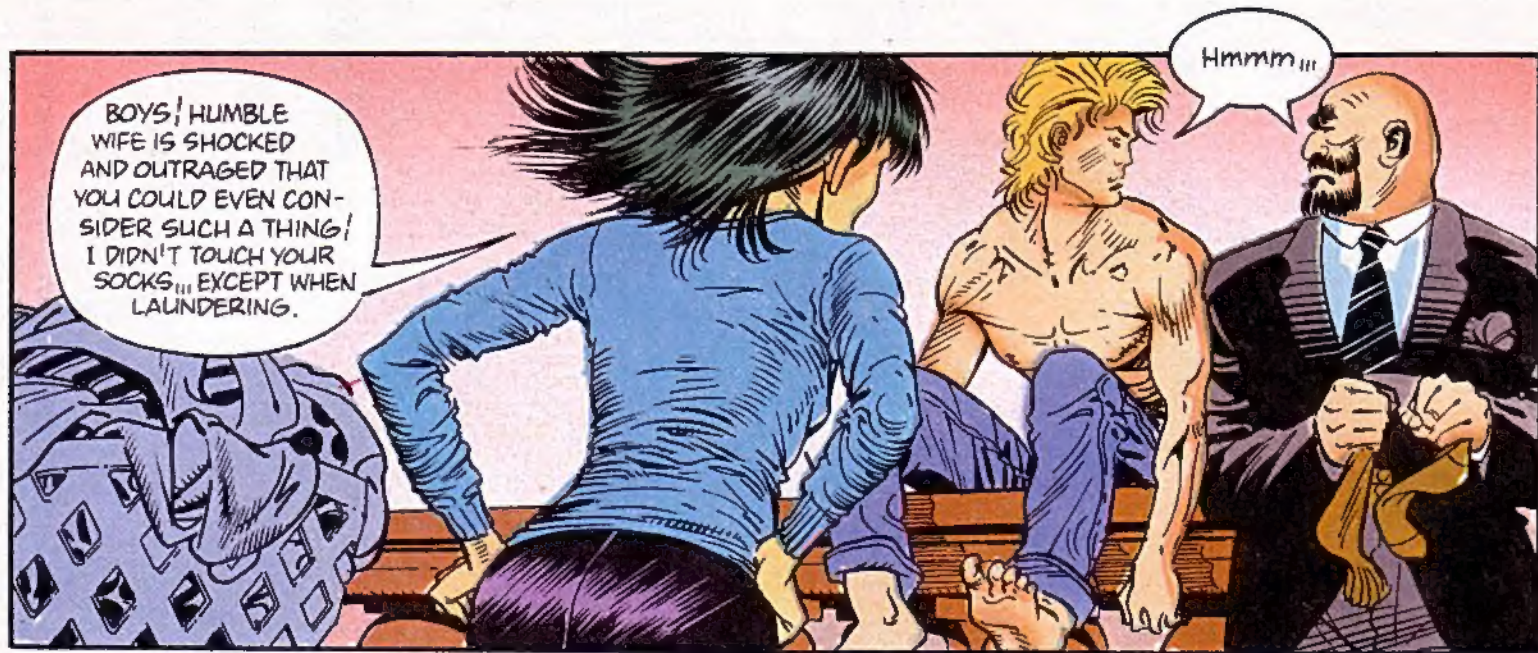


SOCKS,  
MADAME?











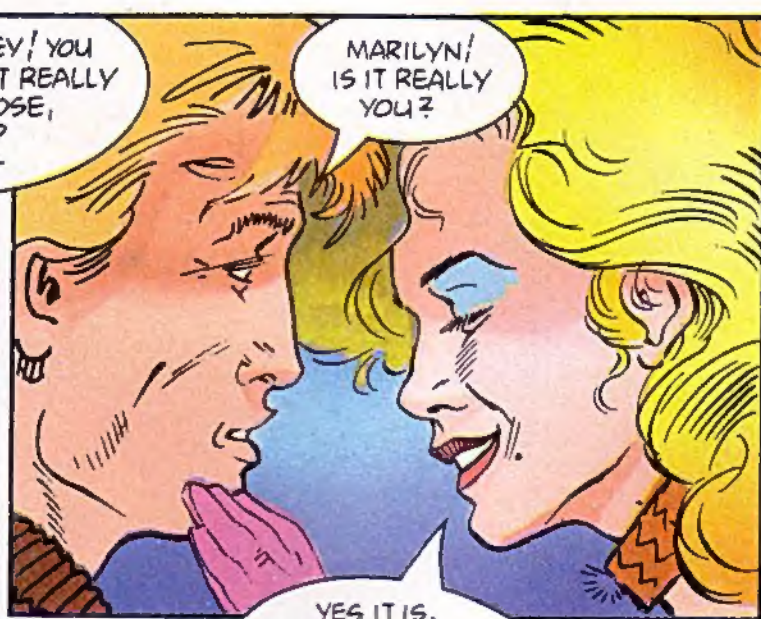




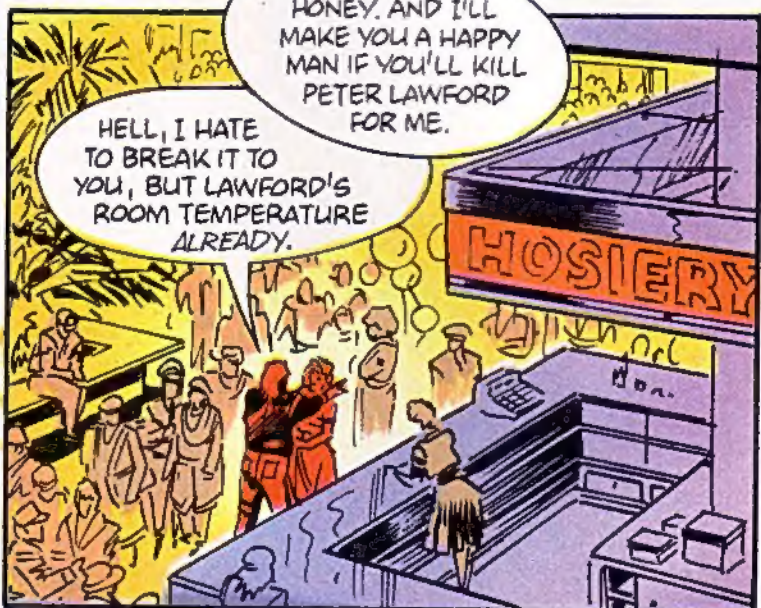


THESE  
LOOK ALL  
RIGHT TO ME!!!

OH, HONEY! YOU  
WOULDN'T REALLY  
WEAR THOSE,  
WOULD  
YOU?



MARILYN!  
IS IT REALLY  
YOU?



YES IT IS,  
HONEY. AND I'LL  
MAKE YOU A HAPPY  
MAN IF YOU'LL KILL  
PETER LAWFORD  
FOR ME.

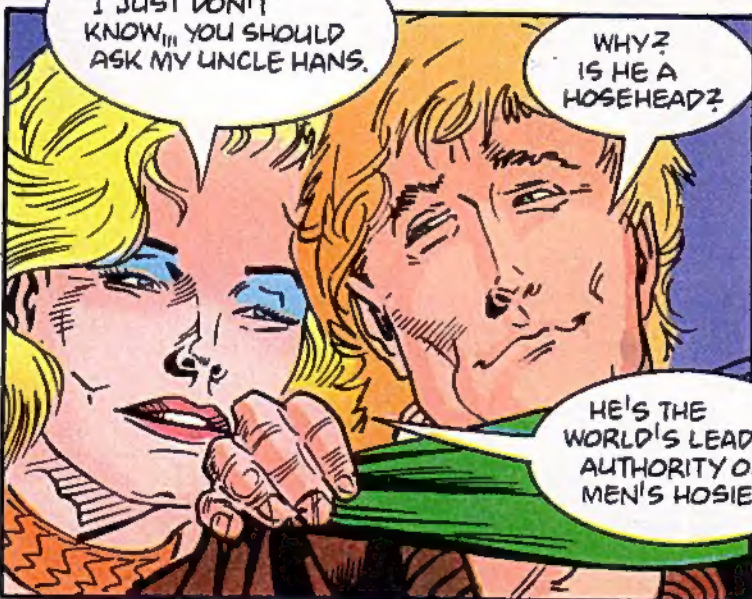
HELL, I HATE  
TO BREAK IT TO  
YOU, BUT LAWFORD'S  
ROOM TEMPERATURE  
ALREADY.



GOLLY! GEE! I'M!!!  
I'M JUST SO UPSET  
AT HIM! HE HAD NO  
RIGHT TO SAY  
THOSE THINGS!

BOBBY'S DEAD,  
TOO. SIRHAN SIRHAN  
GOT HIM.

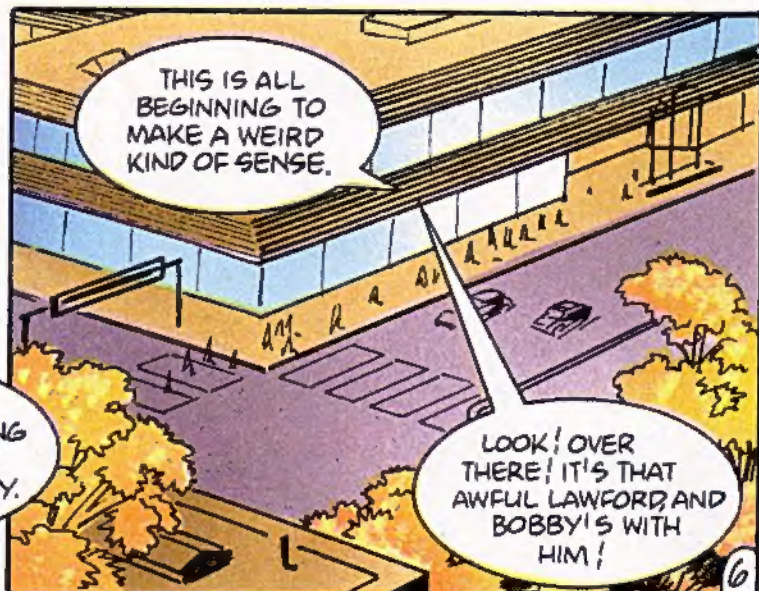
YOU DON'T  
LIKE THESE  
ARGYLES?



GEE, HONEY,  
I JUST DON'T  
KNOW!!! YOU SHOULD  
ASK MY UNCLE HANS.

WHY?  
IS HE A  
HOSEHEAD?

HE'S THE  
WORLD'S LEADING  
AUTHORITY ON  
MEN'S HOSIERY.



THIS IS ALL  
BEGINNING TO  
MAKE A WEIRD  
KIND OF SENSE.

LOOK! OVER  
THERE! IT'S THAT  
AWFUL LAWFORD AND  
BOBBY'S WITH  
HIM!





HEY! CAN'T YOU GUYS LEAVE MARILYN ALONE? HAVEN'T YOU DONE ENOUGH DAMAGE?

IT'S, AH, JUST AS YOU SAID, PETER. SHE'S PASSING INFORMATION TO A FOREIGN AGENT.

SEE? SEE? I TOLD YOU!



BADGER RUNS OFF RFK AND LAWFORD AND RETURNS TO THE CASTLE.

I'M HOME!

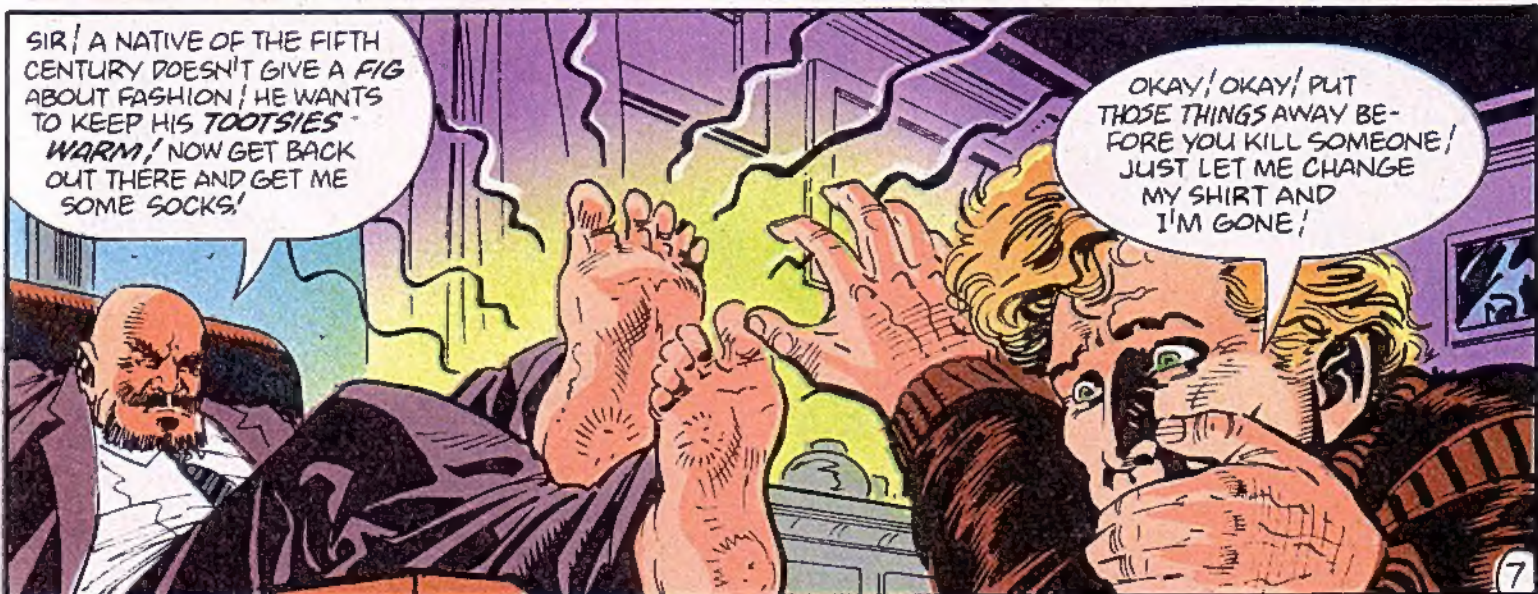


DID YOU GET THE SOCKS?

I HAD THE SOCKS IN MY HAND-- BUT MARILYN WOULDN'T LET ME BUY THEM.



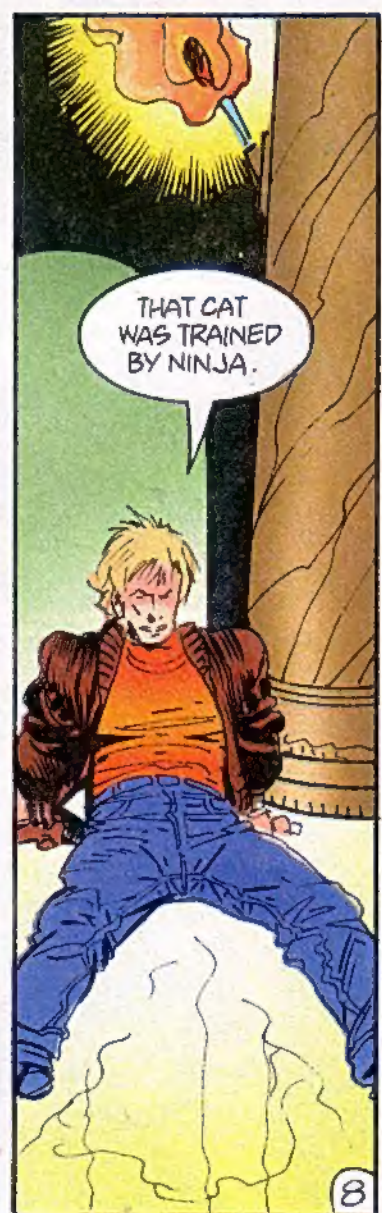
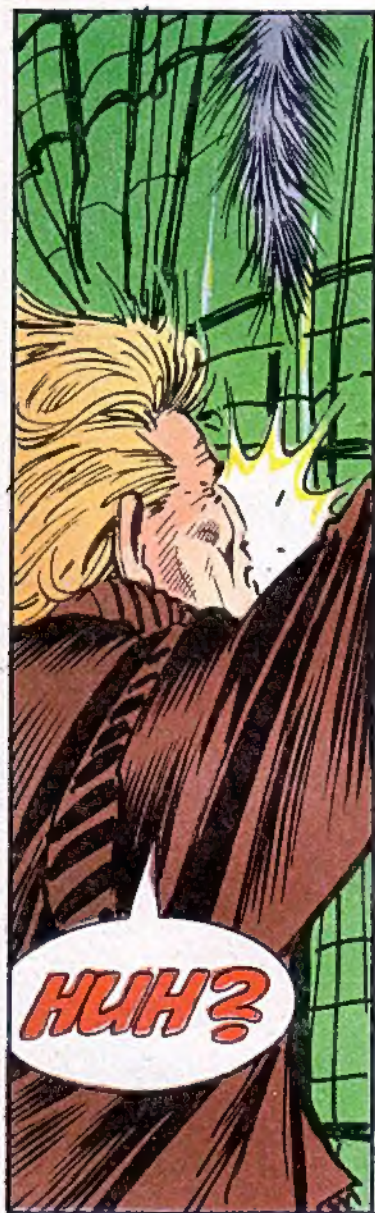
SHE SAID THEY WERE UNFASHIONABLE, AND DIRECTED ME TO HER ECCENTRIC UNCLE HANS IN SALK CITY.



SIR! A NATIVE OF THE FIFTH CENTURY DOESN'T GIVE A FIG ABOUT FASHION! HE WANTS TO KEEP HIS TOOTSIES WARM! NOW GET BACK OUT THERE AND GET ME SOME SOCKS!

OKAY! OKAY! PUT THOSE THINGS AWAY BEFORE YOU KILL SOMEONE! JUST LET ME CHANGE MY SHIRT AND I'M GONE!







SAUK CITY

SAUK CITY HAS A COLORFUL HISTORY, MAVIS. IT SERVED AS THE MODEL FOR SINCLAIR LEWIS' *MAIN STREET*, AND IT WAS THE HOME OF AUGUST DERLETH AND ARKHAM HOUSE PUBLISHERS.

"SO THERE'S AN H. P. LOVECRAFT CONNECTION!"

HEY, YOU'RE RIGHT! HAM SHOULD KNOW ABOUT THIS!

OH, PLEASE, HONORED HUSBAND. THE CTHULHU MYTHOS IS JUST A WORK OF FICTION.

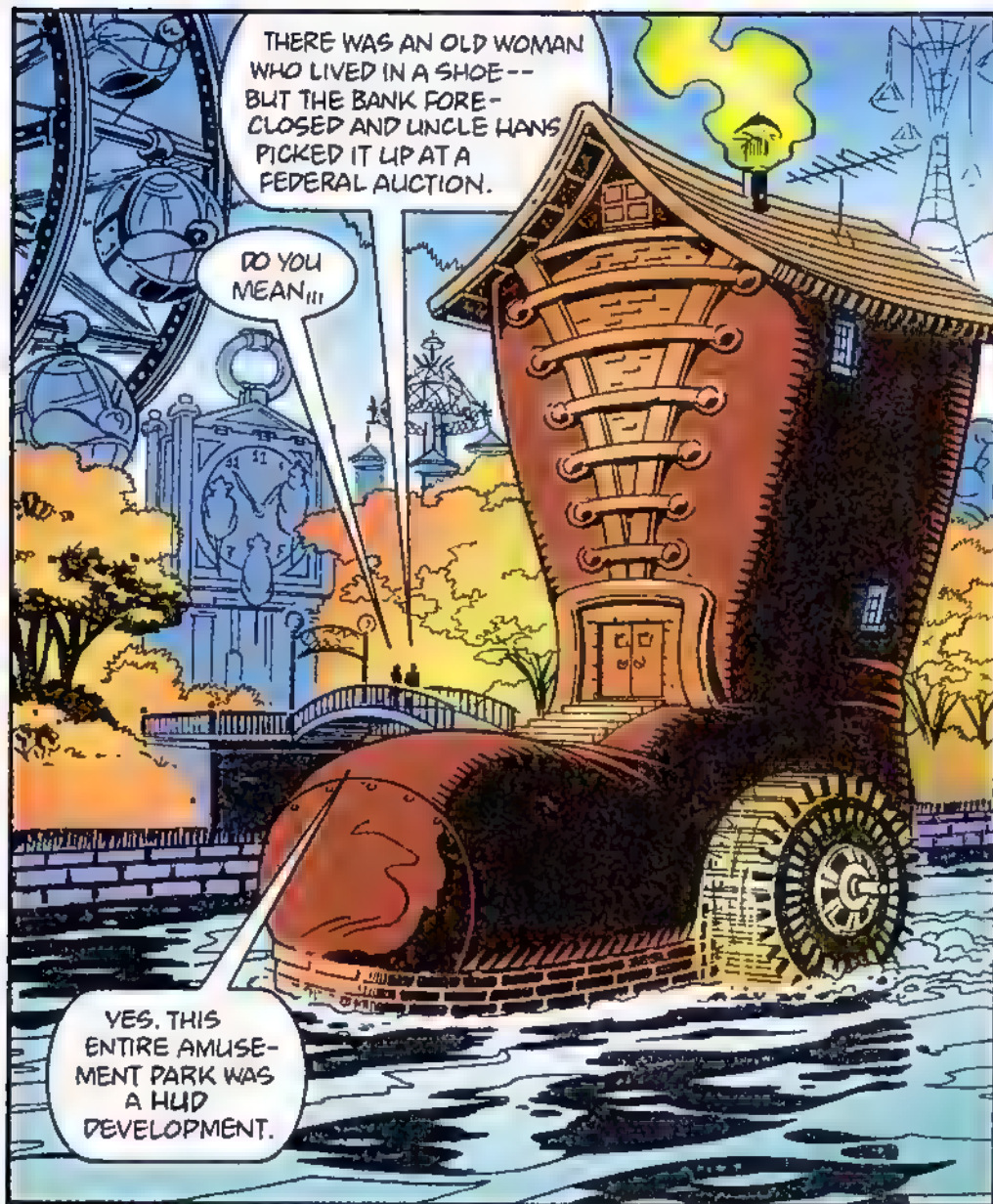
HA! SEZ YOU! IN MY FIVE YEARS WITH HAM I'VE SEEN SOME MIGHTY WEIRD CREATURES!

AH, HERE WE ARE!

BUT IT'S SO BIG! HOW WILL WE LOCATE MARILYN'S SINISTER UNCLE HANS?

ELEMENTARY, MY DEAR MAVIS...





THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE -- BUT THE BANK FORECLOSED AND UNCLE HANS PICKED IT UP AT A FEDERAL AUCTION.

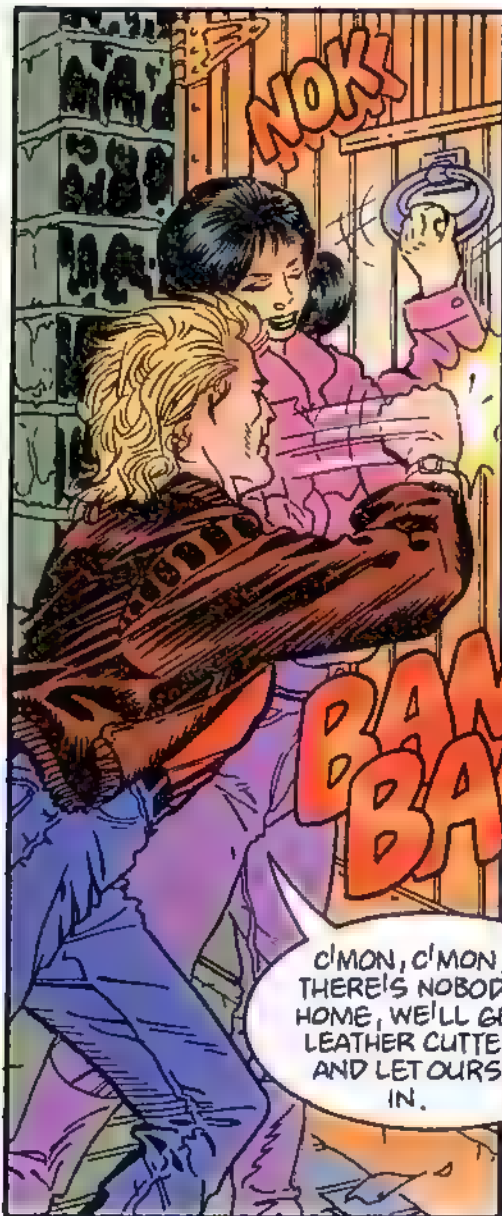
DO YOU MEAN...

YES. THIS ENTIRE AMUSEMENT PARK WAS A HUD DEVELOPMENT.



I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE MY CAT SNEAKERS IS INVOLVED IN A PLOT TO STEAL YOUR SOCKS.

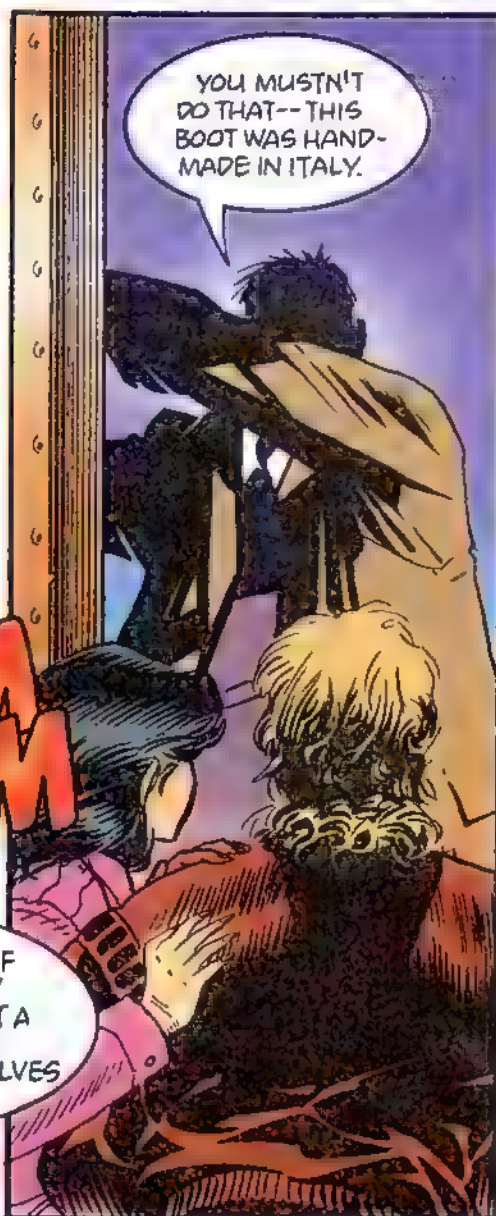
WAKE UP AND SMELL THE COFFEE!



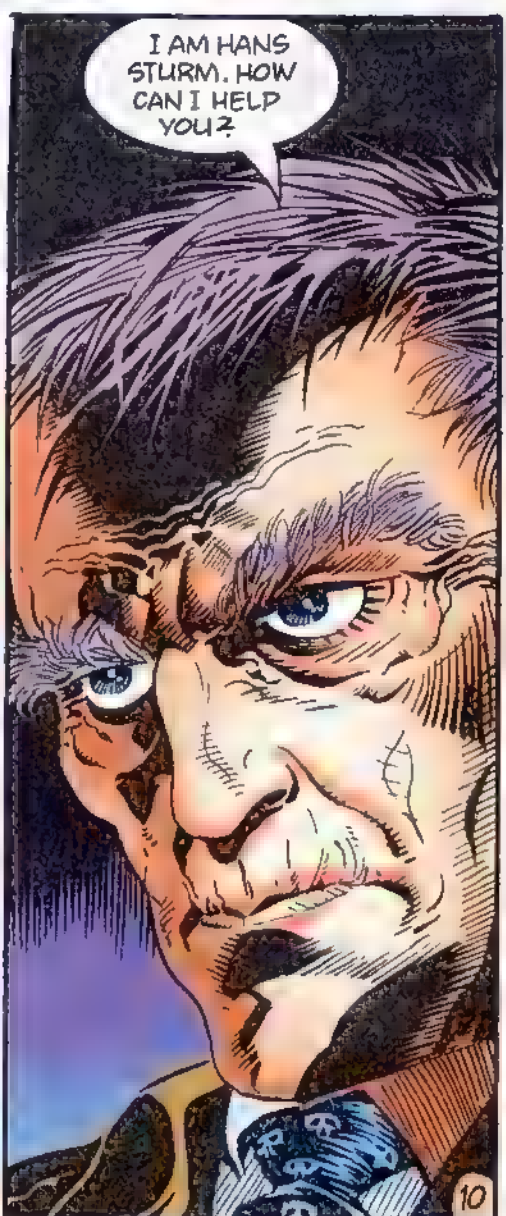
NOK!

BAM BAM

C'MON, C'MON! IF THERE'S NOBODY HOME, WE'LL GET A LEATHER CUTTER AND LET OURSELVES IN.



YOU MUSTN'T DO THAT-- THIS BOOT WAS HAND-MADE IN ITALY.



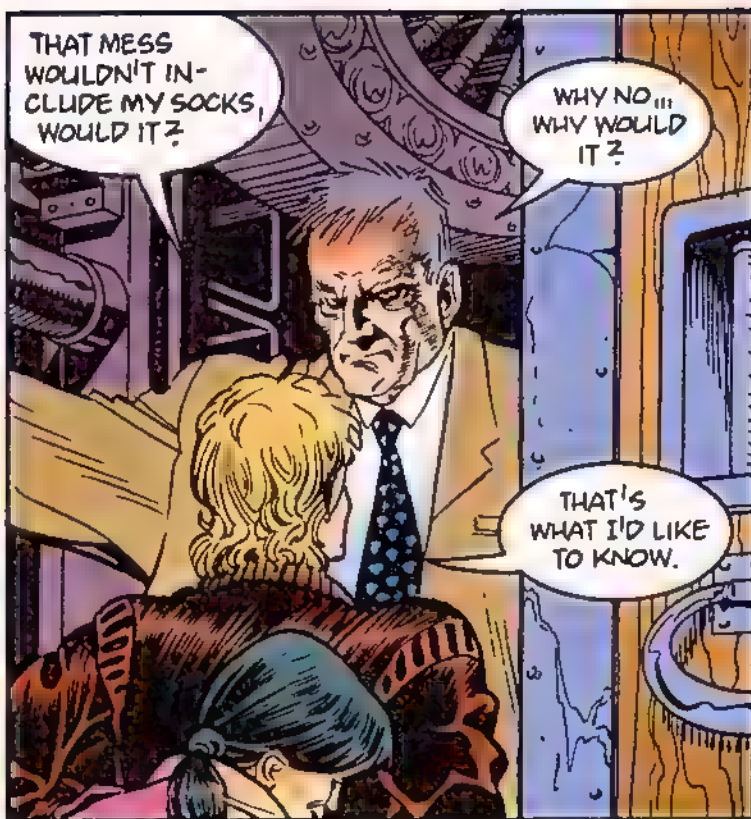
I AM HANS STURM. HOW CAN I HELP YOU?





WE'VE BEEN THINKING OF BUILDING A SHOE-- COULD WE LOOK AROUND?

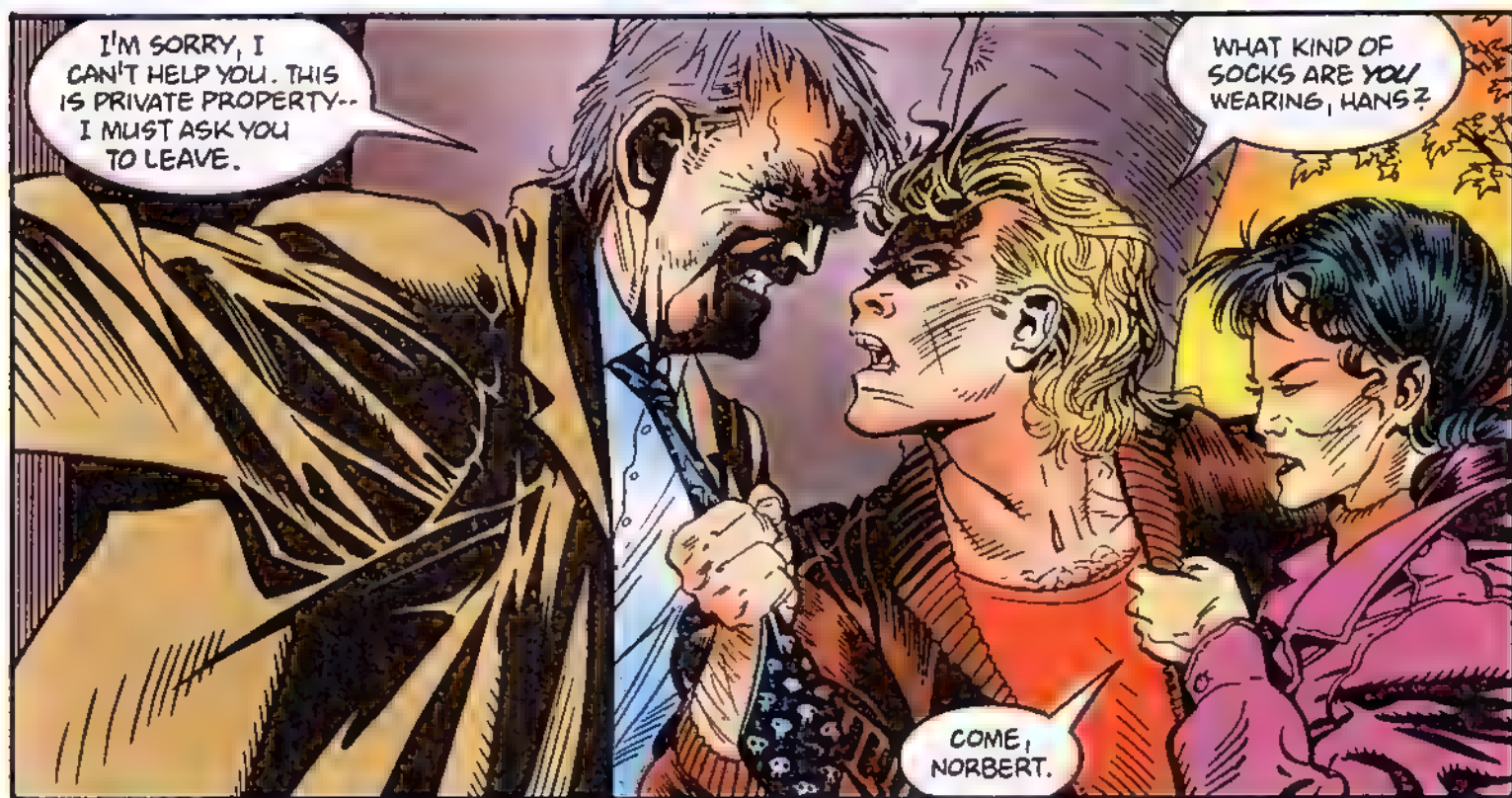
ALAS, NOW WOULD NOT BE GOOD. THE INTERIOR IS A MESS-- ODOR EATERS EVERYWHERE!!!



THAT MESS WOULDN'T INCLUDE MY SOCKS, WOULD IT?

WHY NO!!! WHY WOULD IT?

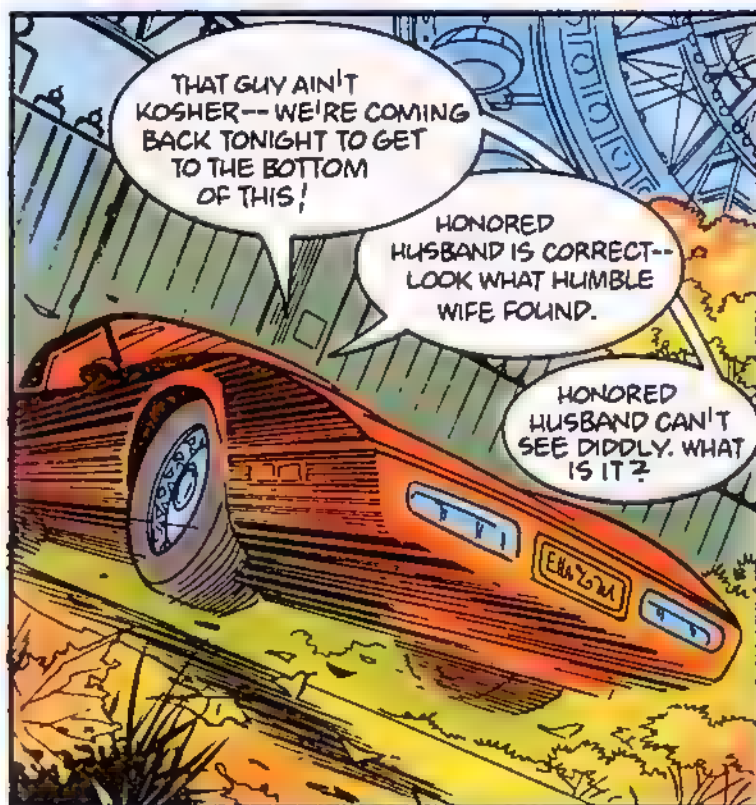
THAT'S WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW.



I'M SORRY, I CAN'T HELP YOU. THIS IS PRIVATE PROPERTY-- I MUST ASK YOU TO LEAVE.

WHAT KIND OF SOCKS ARE YOU WEARING, HANS?

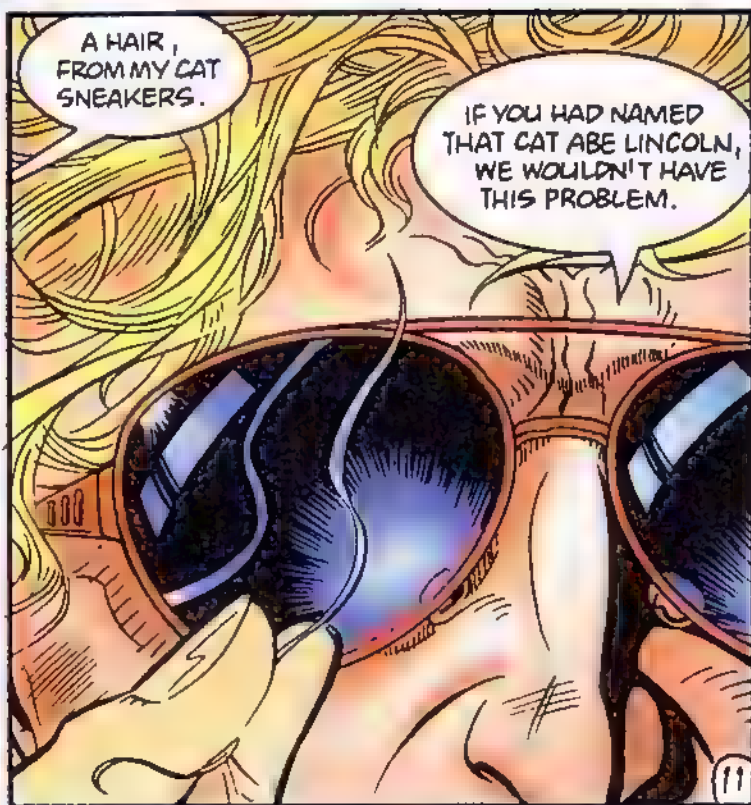
COME, NORBERT.



THAT GUY AIN'T KOSHER-- WE'RE COMING BACK TONIGHT TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS!

HONORED HUSBAND IS CORRECT-- LOOK WHAT HUMBLE WIFE FOUND.

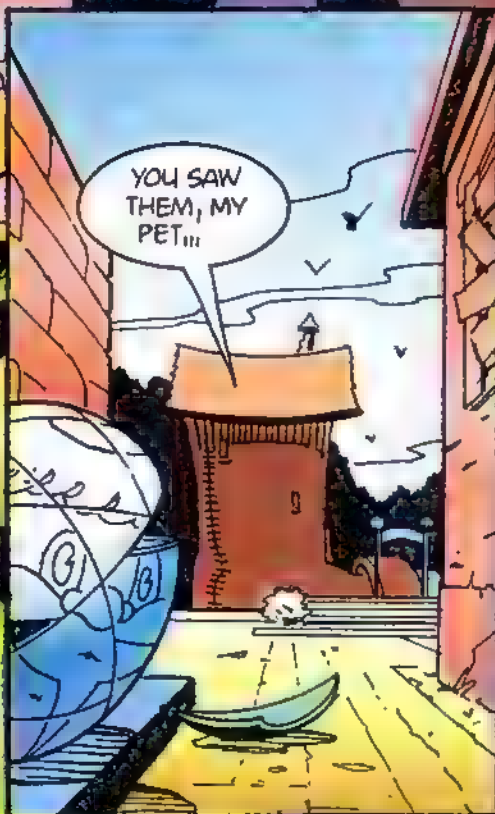
HONORED HUSBAND CAN'T SEE DIDDLY. WHAT IS IT?



A HAIR, FROM MY CAT SNEAKERS.

IF YOU HAD NAMED THAT CAT ABE LINCOLN, WE WOULDN'T HAVE THIS PROBLEM.



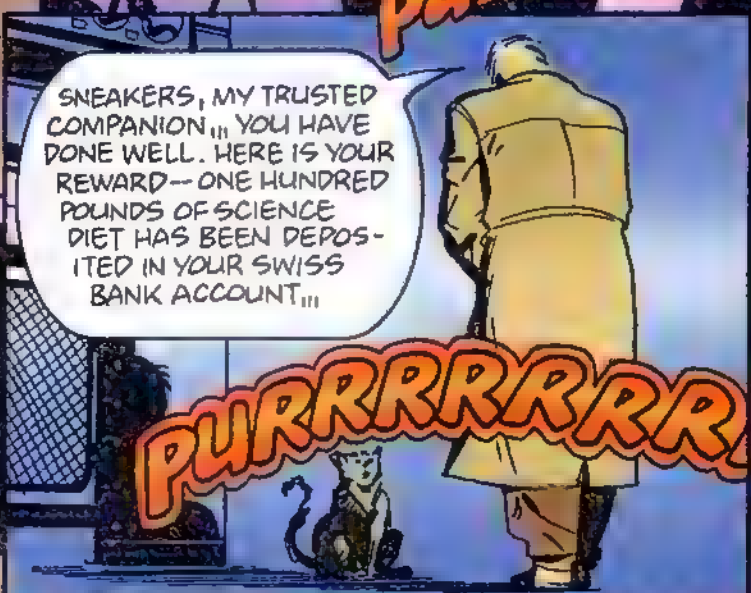


YOU SAW THEM, MY PET...



COULD THE WIZARD KNOW MY PURPOSE AND HAVE SENT HIS AGENTS AGAINST ME? WHY SO TENTATIVE? IS HE WITHOUT POWER, OR IS THIS A FORM OF SUBTLETY...

PURRRRRR

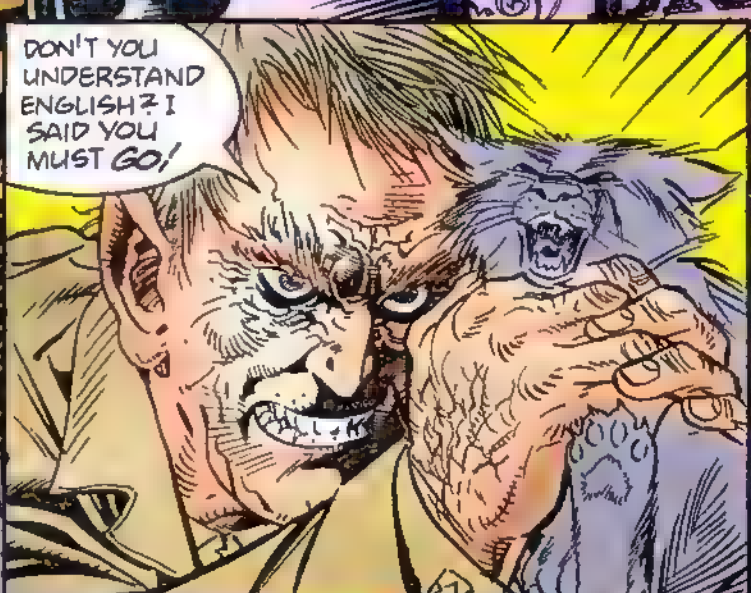


SNEAKERS, MY TRUSTED COMPANION... YOU HAVE DONE WELL. HERE IS YOUR REWARD—ONE HUNDRED POUNDS OF SCIENCE DIET HAS BEEN DEPOSITED IN YOUR SWISS BANK ACCOUNT...

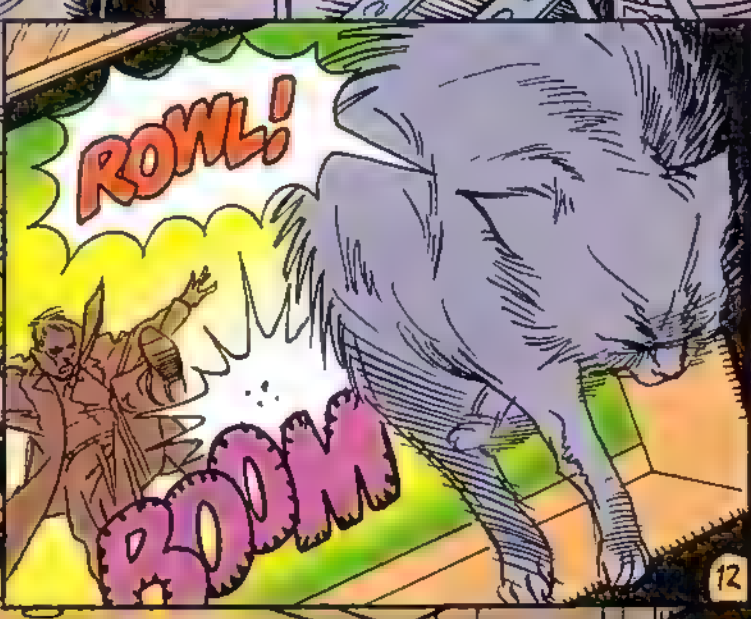
PURRRRRRRRR



I THINK IT BEST IF YOU GO. YOUR WORK IS DONE AND YOU'D ONLY BE IN THE WAY.

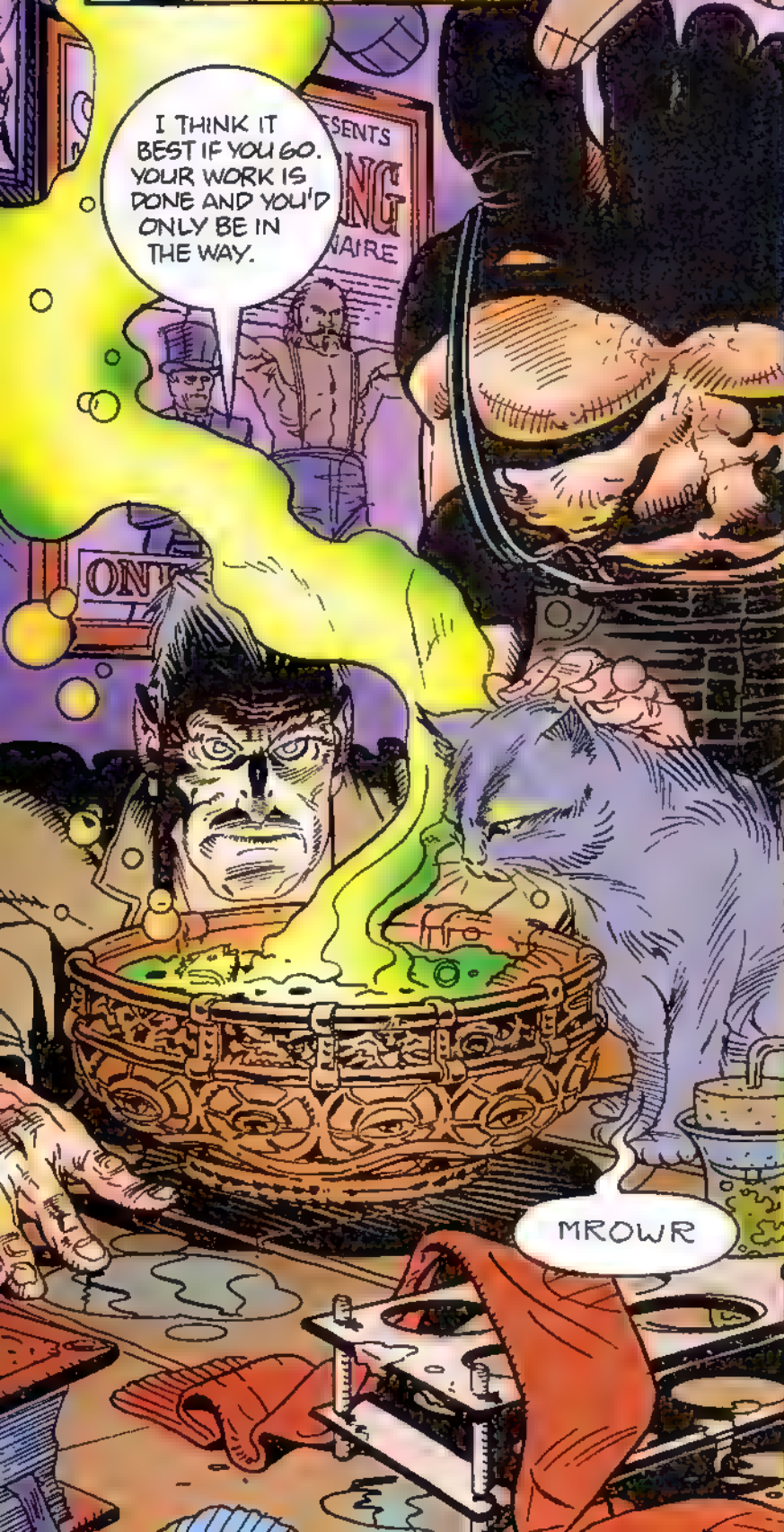


DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND ENGLISH? I SAID YOU MUST GO!



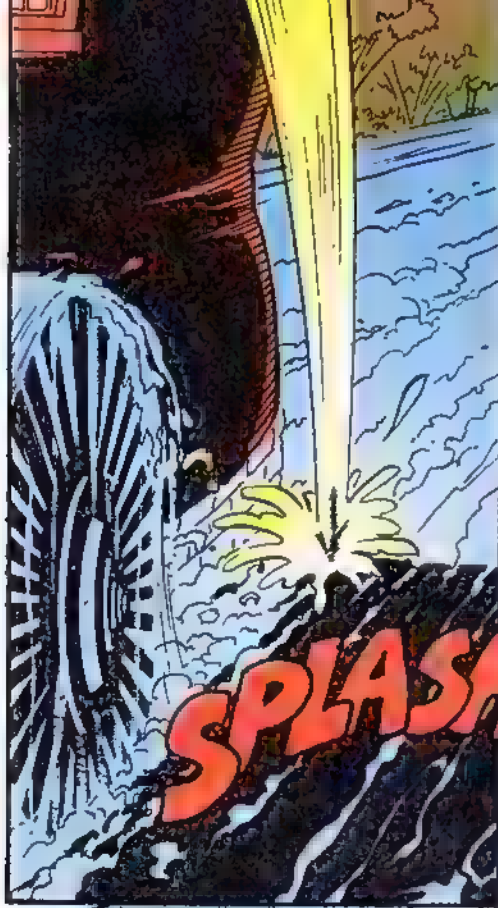
ROWL!

BOOM

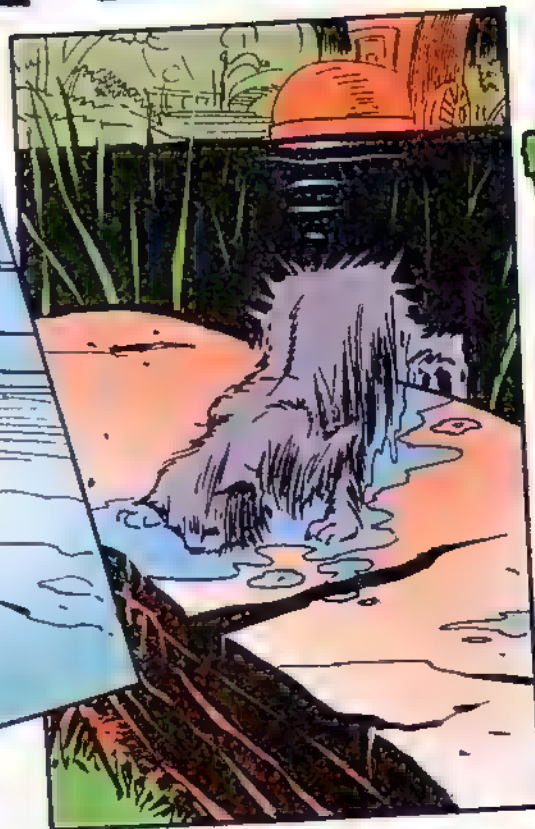
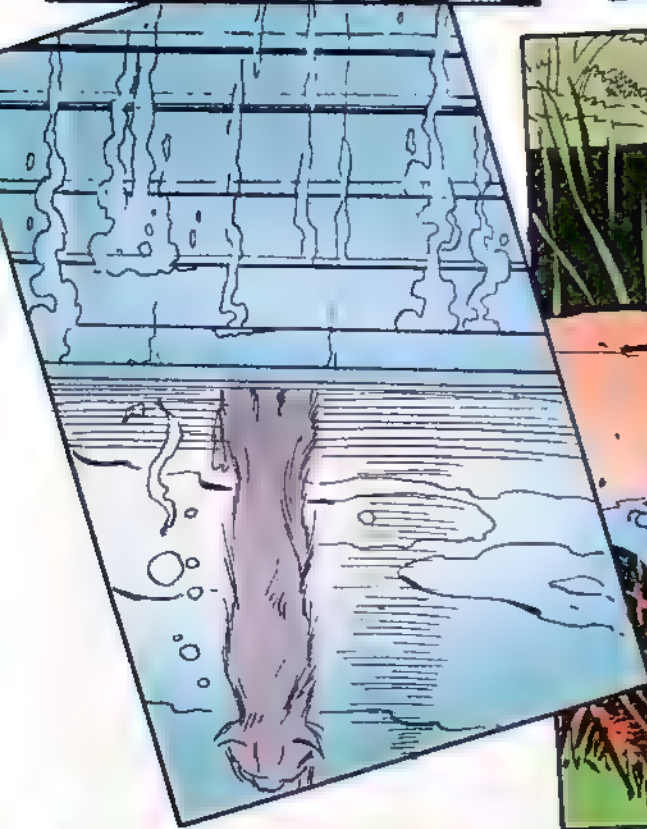
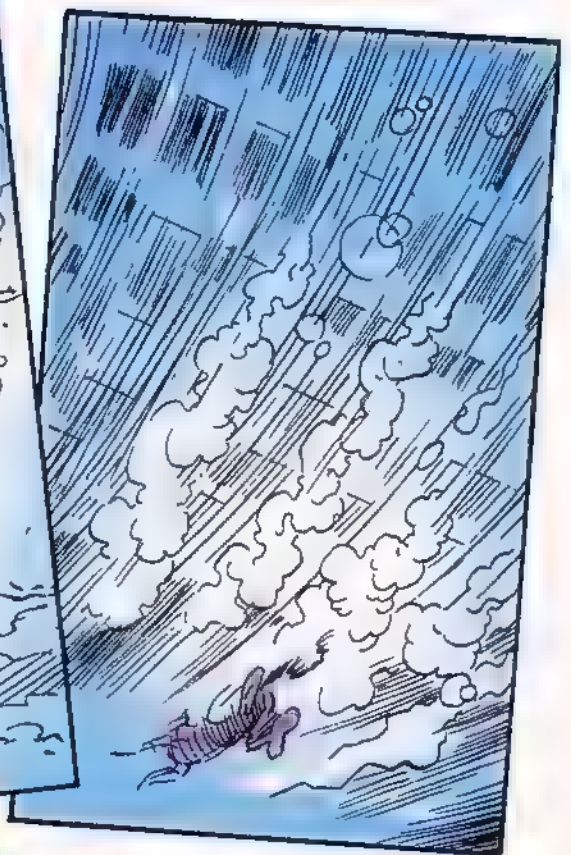
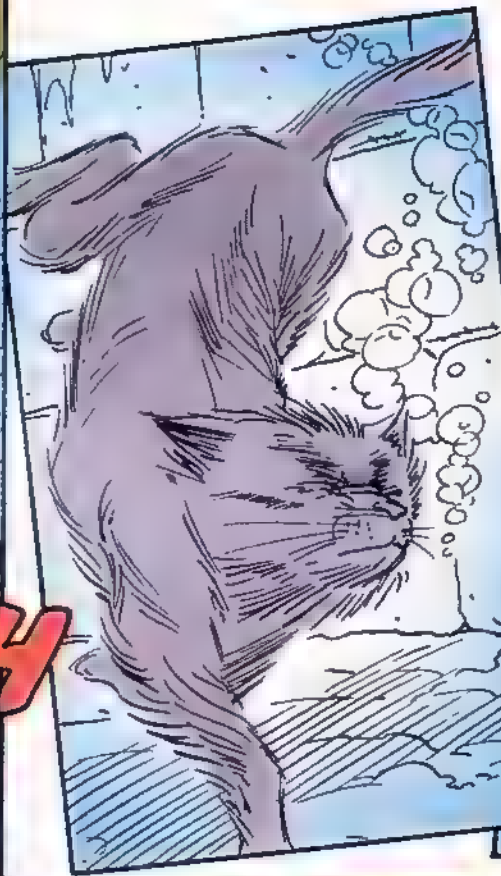


MROW





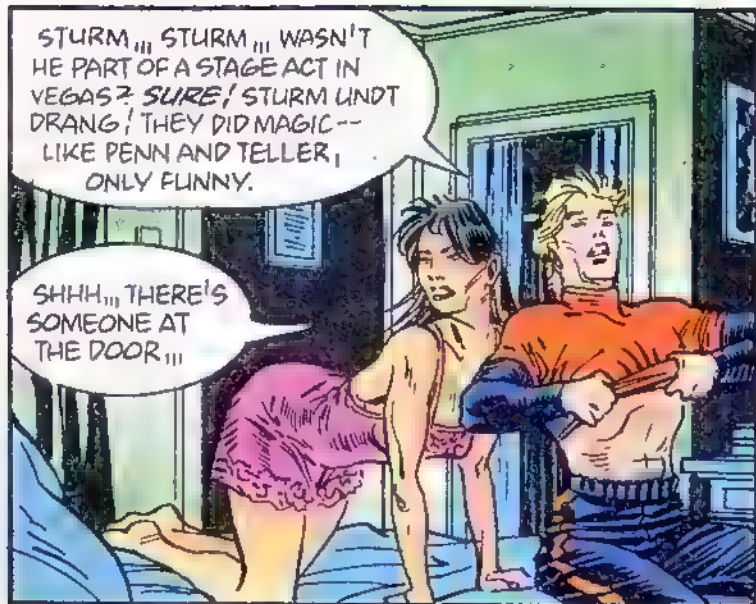
**SPLASH**



**BRRRRRT**

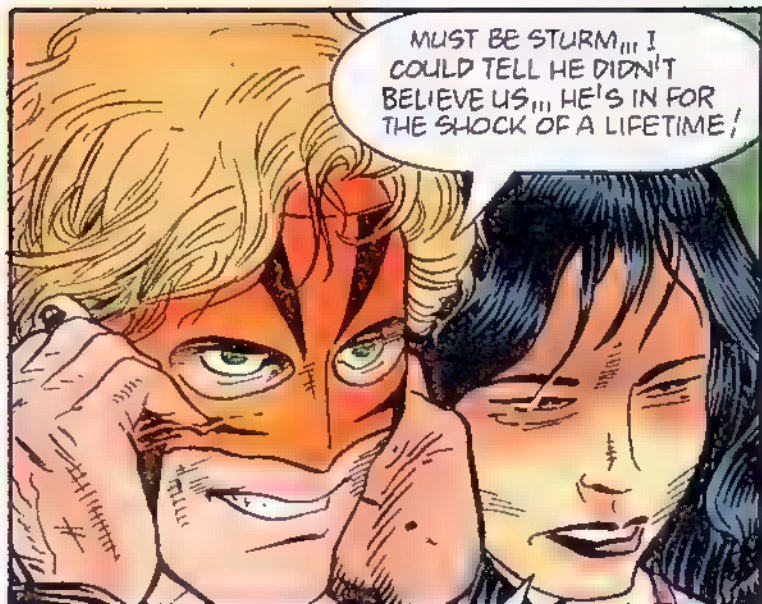




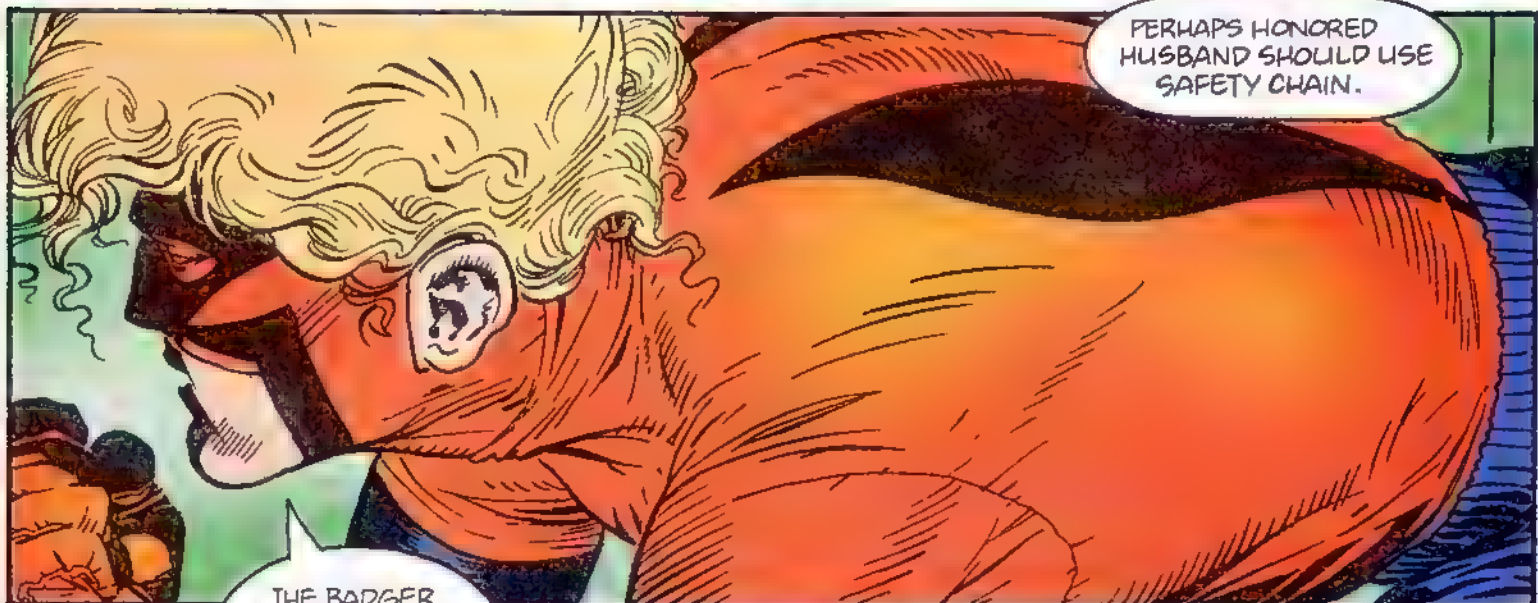


STURM!!! STURM!!! WASN'T HE PART OF A STAGE ACT IN VEGAS? SURE! STURM UND DRANG! THEY DID MAGIC-- LIKE PENN AND TELLER, ONLY FUNNY.

SHHH!!! THERE'S SOMEONE AT THE DOOR!!!



MUST BE STURM!!! I COULD TELL HE DIDN'T BELIEVE US!!! HE'S IN FOR THE SHOCK OF A LIFETIME!



PERHAPS HONORED HUSBAND SHOULD USE SAFETY CHAIN.

THE BADGER DOESN'T USE A SAFETY CHAIN.

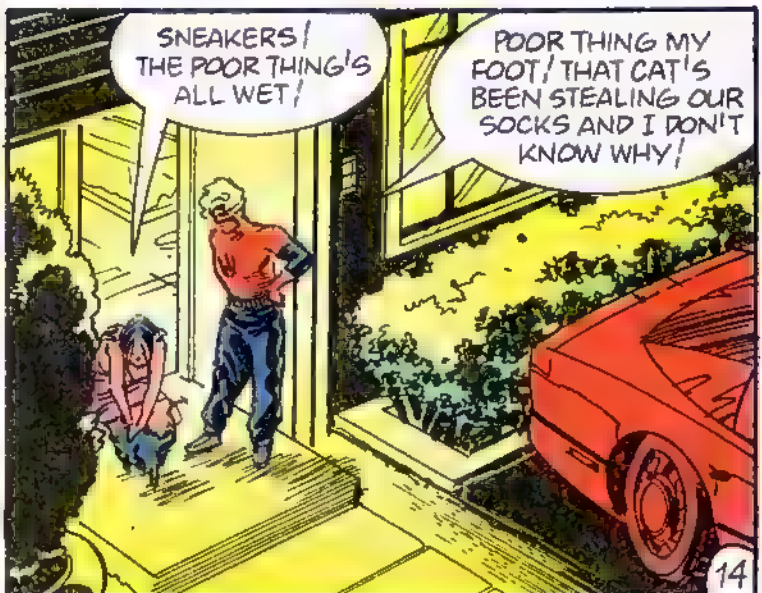


YAHH!



YOU!

PURRRRRR



SNEAKERS! THE POOR THING'S ALL WET!

POOR THING MY FOOT! THAT CAT'S BEEN STEALING OUR SOCKS AND I DON'T KNOW WHY!





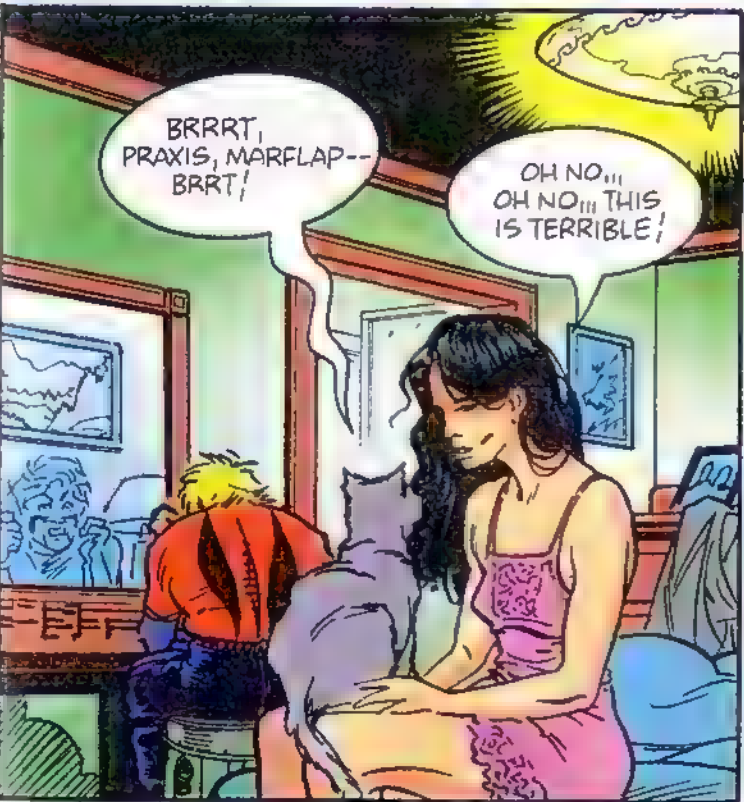
SNEAKERS, TELL THE MASTER WHY YOU'VE BEEN STEALING HIS SOCKS.

MEOW, BRRRT, PRAT!



SHE WANTS TWO HUNDRED POUNDS SCIENCE DIET DEPOSITED IN HER SWISS BANK ACCOUNT BEFORE SHE'LL TALK.

STUPID CAT/ TELL HER I'LL BUY HER A STEAK SANDWICH IN THE COFFEE SHOP AND THAT'S MY FINAL OFFER!



BRRRT, PRAXIS, MARFLAP-- BRRT!

OH NO... OH NO... THIS IS TERRIBLE!



I HEARD. STURM IS A SORCERER! HE'S CREATED A TOXIN FROM OUR SOCKS THAT IF RELEASED INTO THE RIVER, WILL DESTROY ALL FISH LIFE BETWEEN HERE AND NEW ORLEANS!



THIS SACRIFICE WILL OPEN A DOOR BETWEEN EARTH AND THE NETHER DIMENSIONS ALLOWING ONE OF THE GREAT OLD ONES TO RETURN!!!



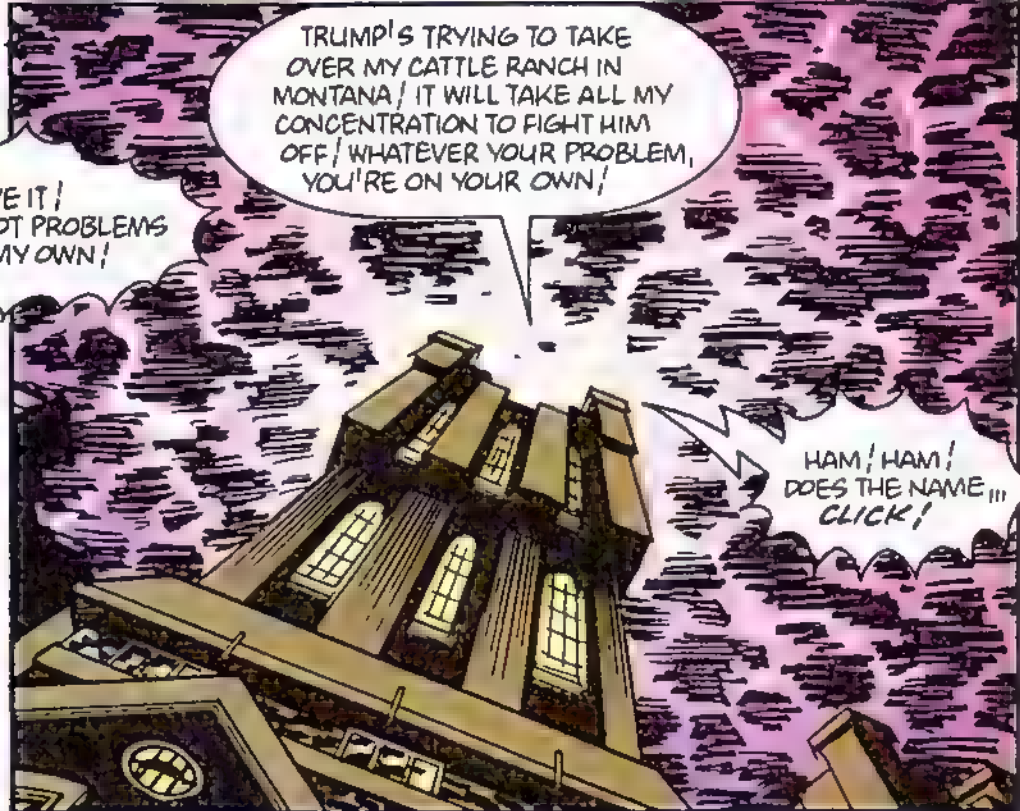
CHILL!!





HELLO, HAM?  
YOU WON'T BELIEVE  
WHAT'S HAPPENING!!!

SAVE IT!  
I'VE GOT PROBLEMS  
OF MY OWN!



TRUMP!S TRYING TO TAKE  
OVER MY CATTLE RANCH IN  
MONTANA / IT WILL TAKE ALL MY  
CONCENTRATION TO FIGHT HIM  
OFF / WHATEVER YOUR PROBLEM,  
YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN!

HAM! HAM!  
DOES THE NAME  
CLICK!

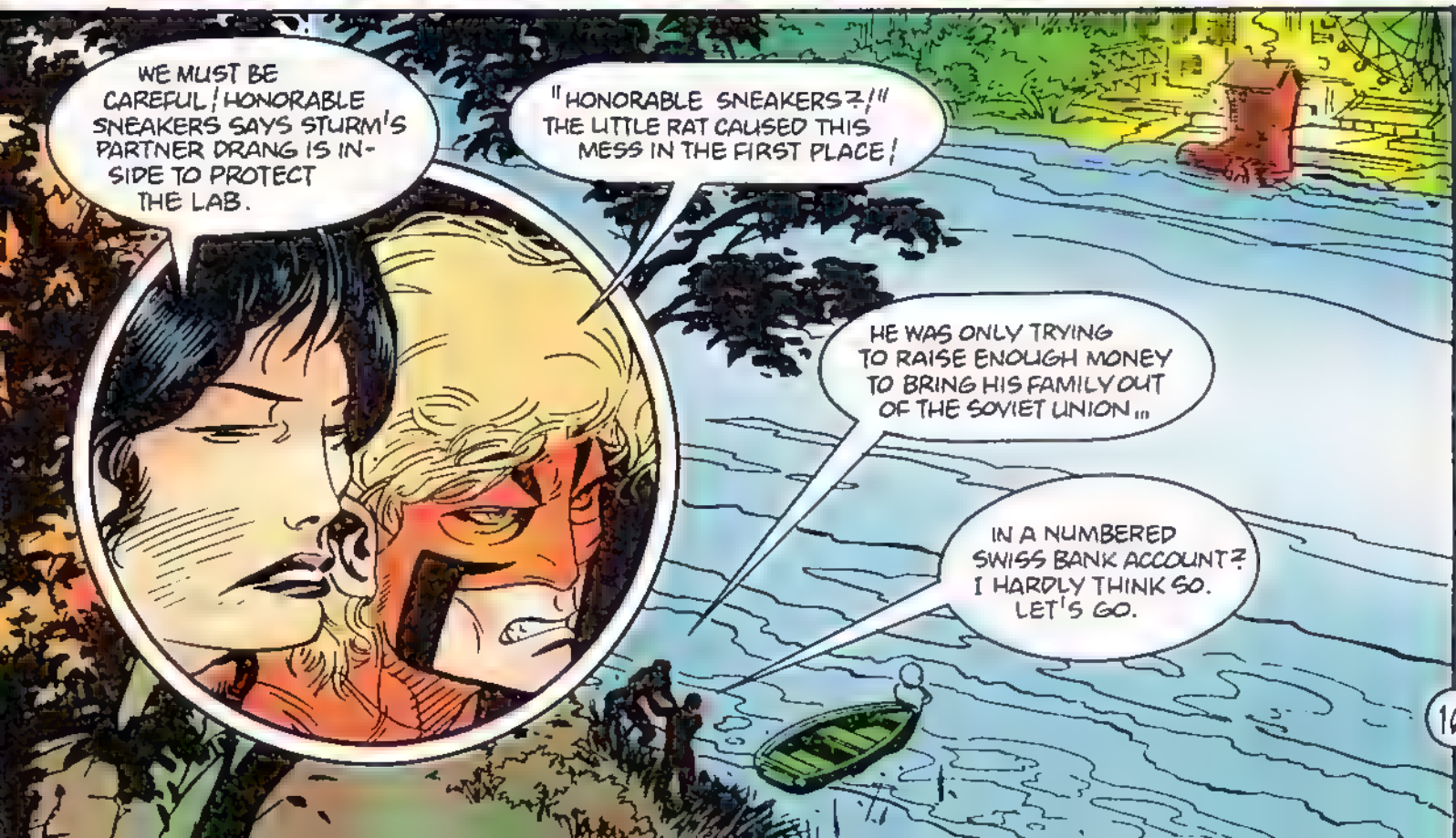


"CHTHULU  
RING A BELL?  
HE HUNG UP  
ON ME.

STURM!S MAGIC  
IS POWERFUL. HOW  
WILL WE STOP  
HIM?



TONIGHT-- WE  
STEAL THE TOXIN.  
HAM WILL KNOW  
WHAT TO DO  
WITH IT.



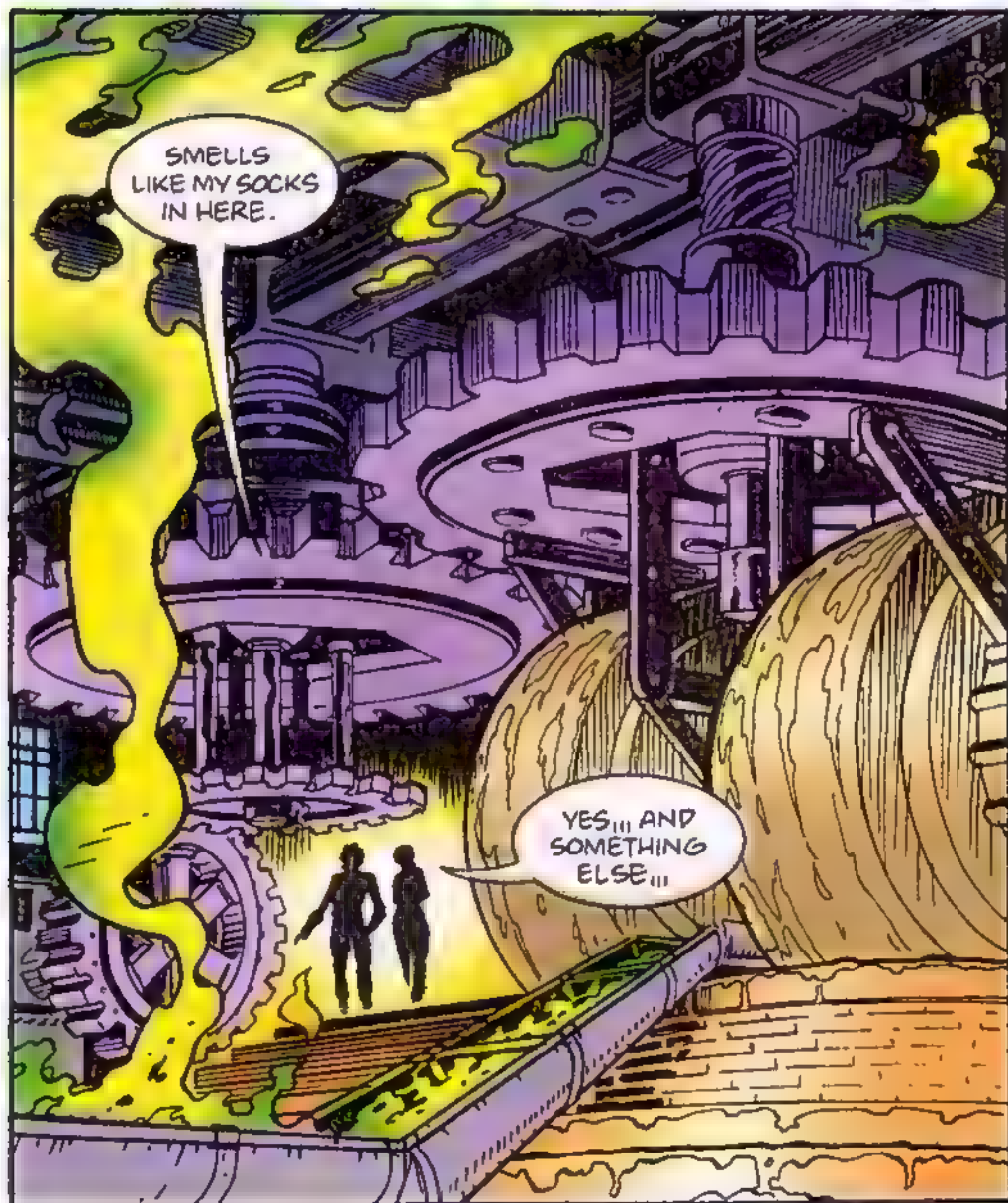
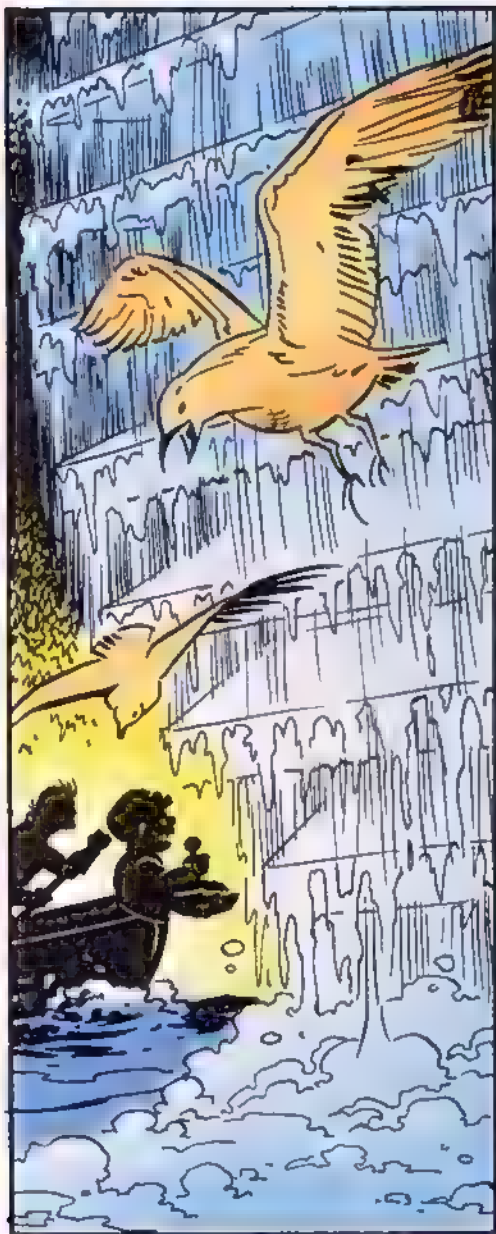
WE MUST BE  
CAREFUL! HONORABLE  
SNEAKERS SAYS STURM!S  
PARTNER DRANG IS IN-  
SIDE TO PROTECT  
THE LAB.

"HONORABLE SNEAKERS?!"  
THE LITTLE RAT CAUSED THIS  
MESS IN THE FIRST PLACE!

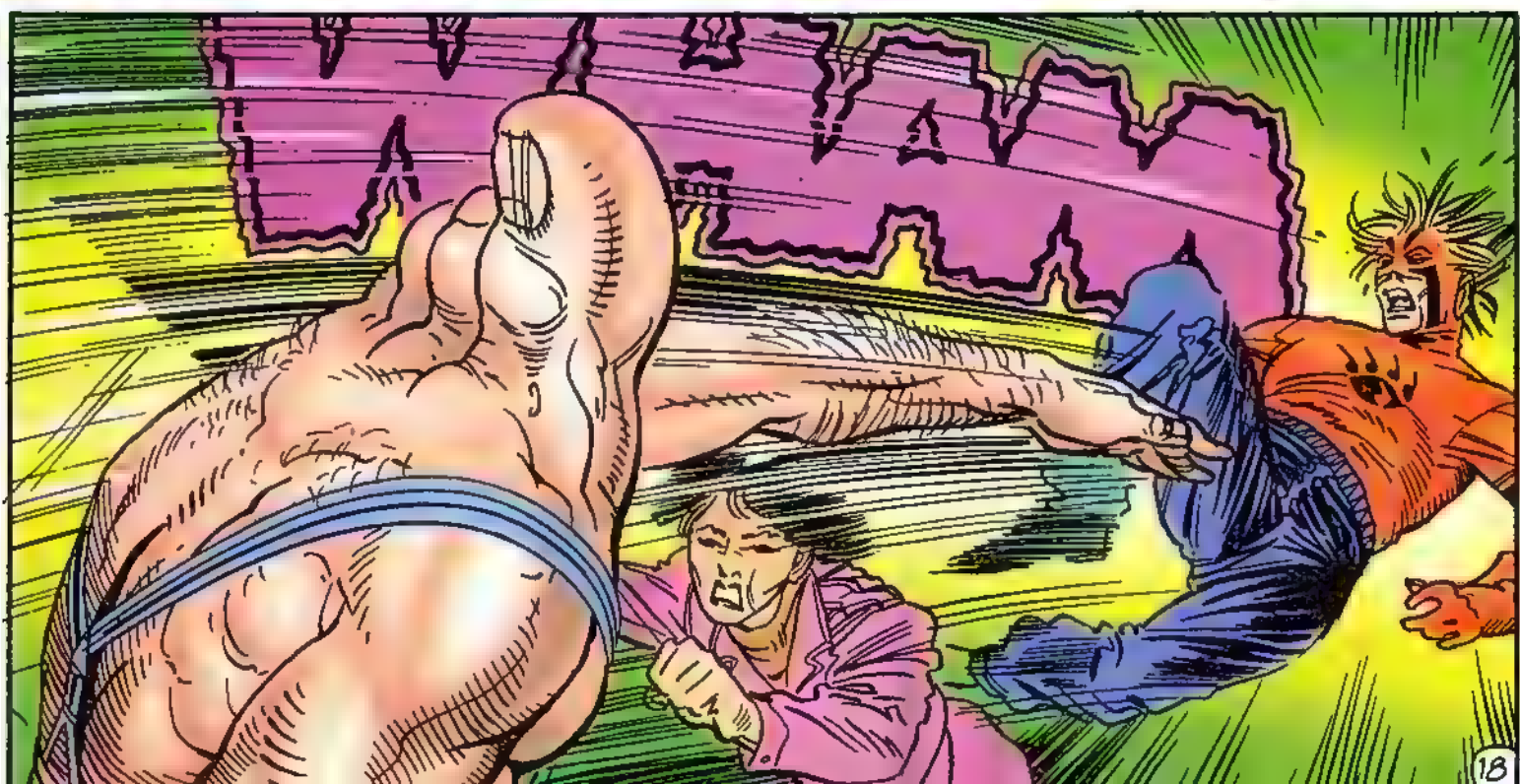
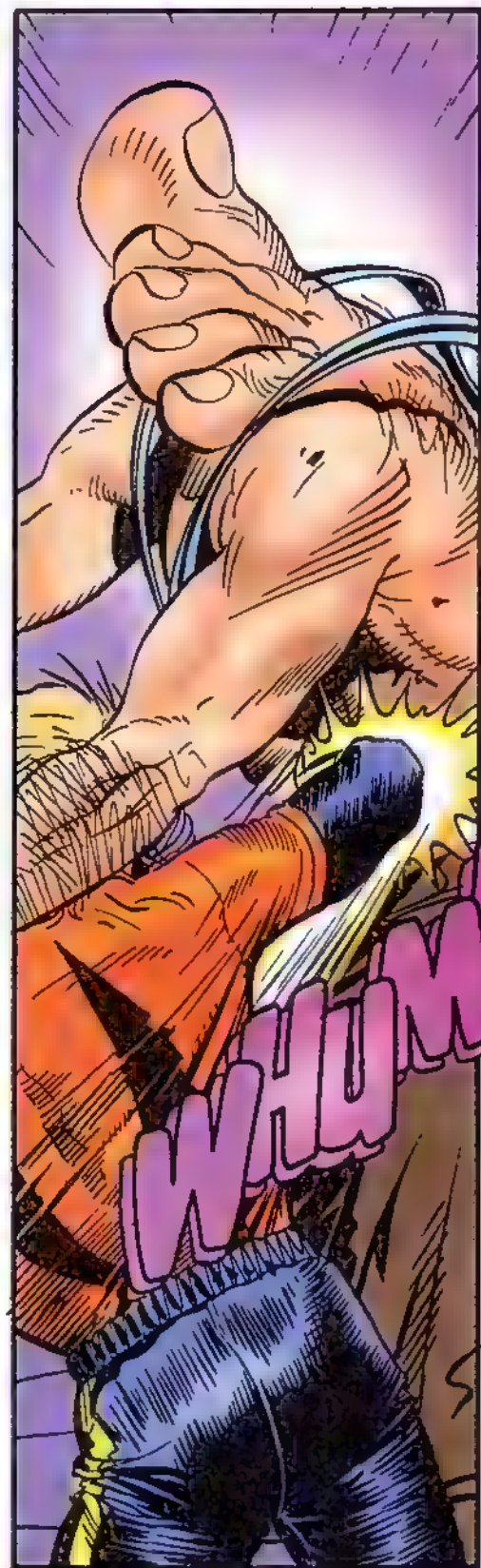
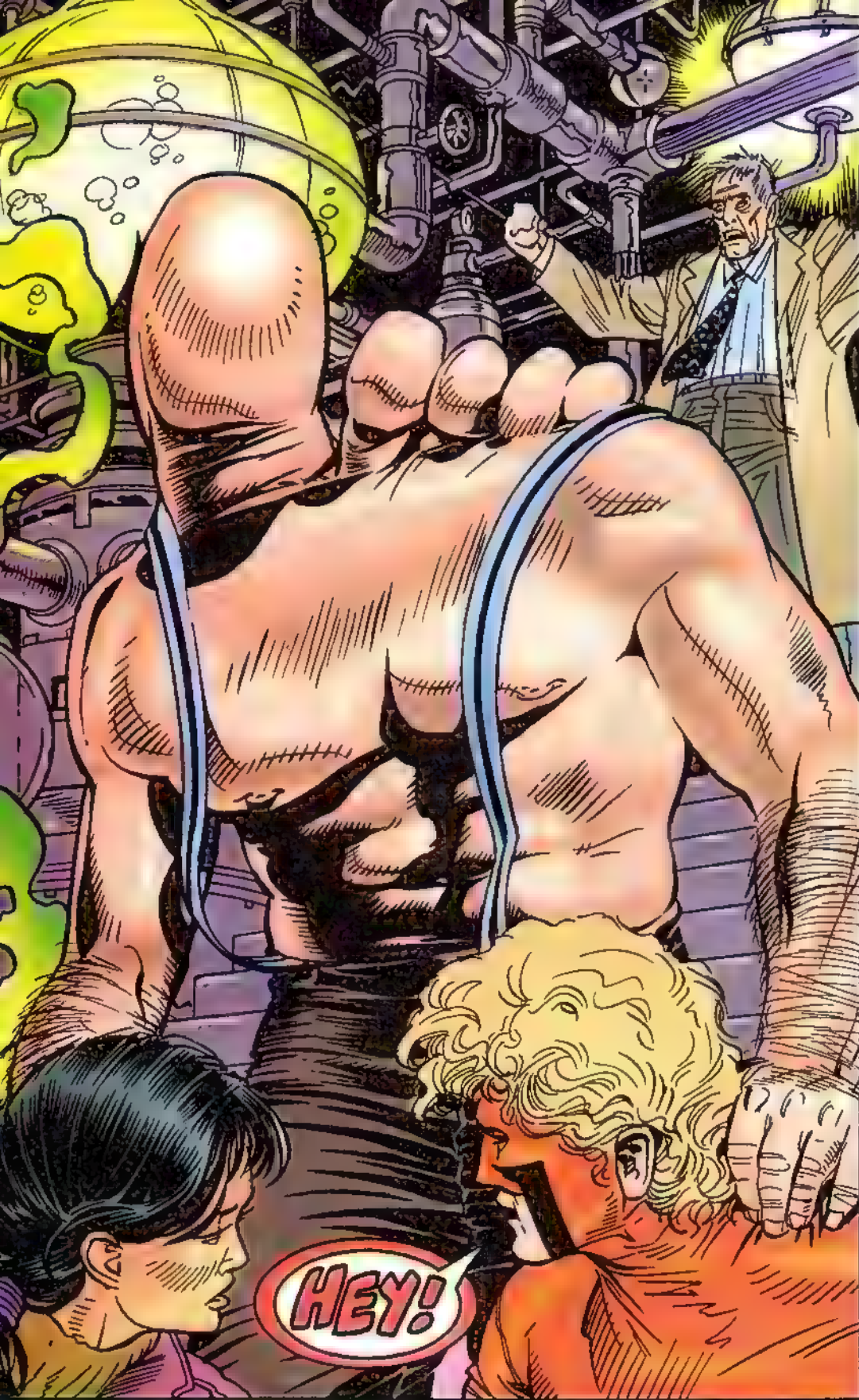
HE WAS ONLY TRYING  
TO RAISE ENOUGH MONEY  
TO BRING HIS FAMILY OUT  
OF THE SOVIET UNION!!!

IN A NUMBERED  
SWISS BANK ACCOUNT?  
I HARDLY THINK SO.  
LET'S GO.





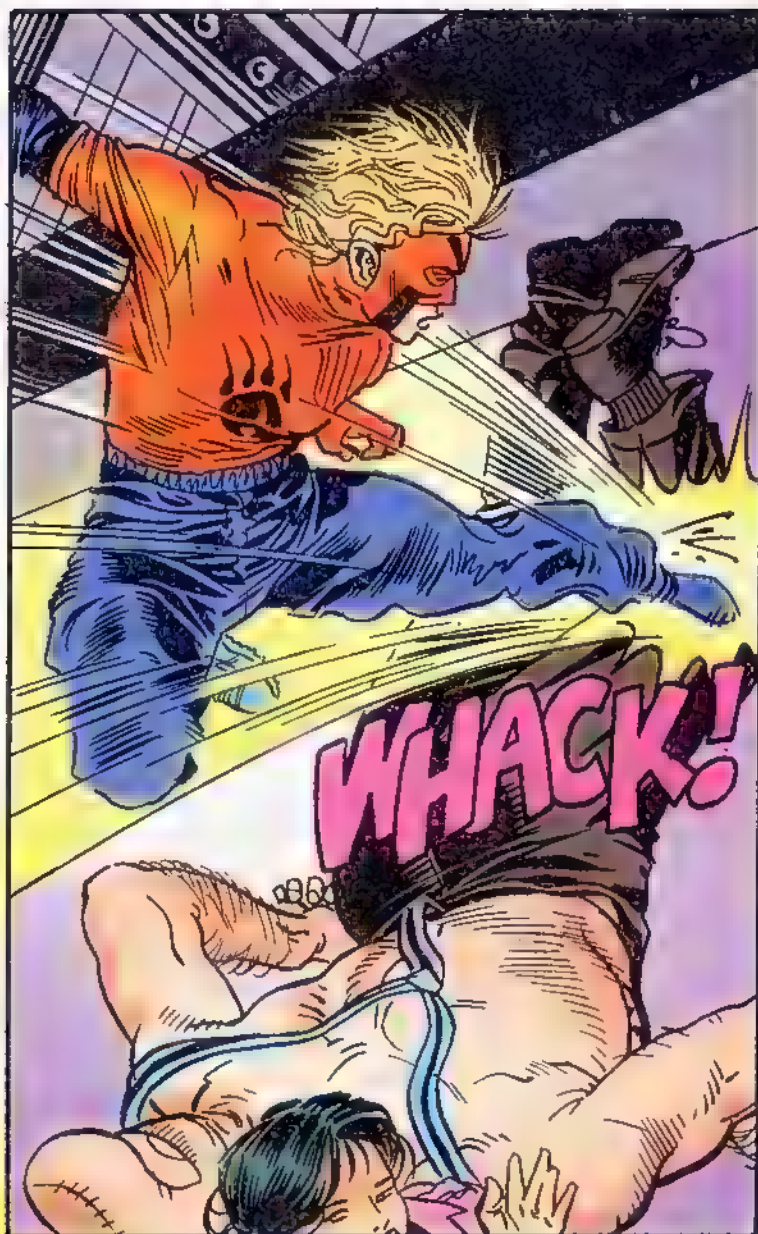
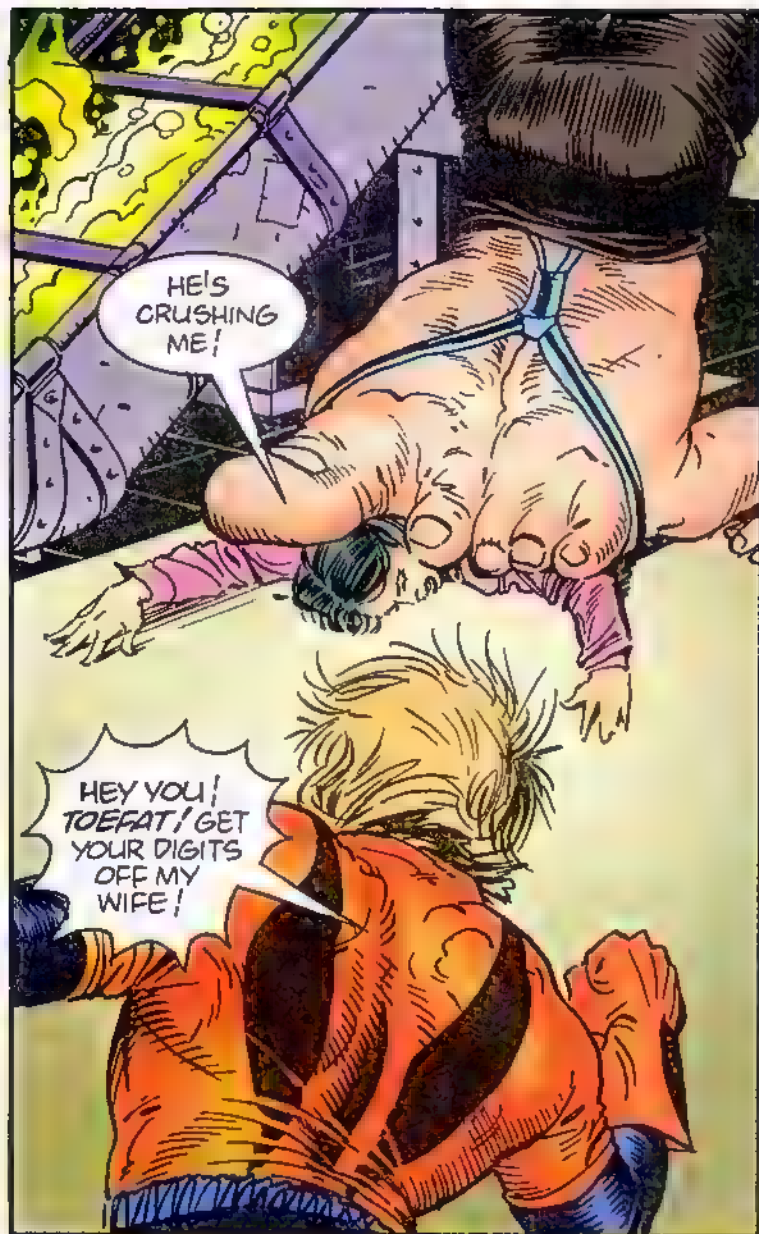




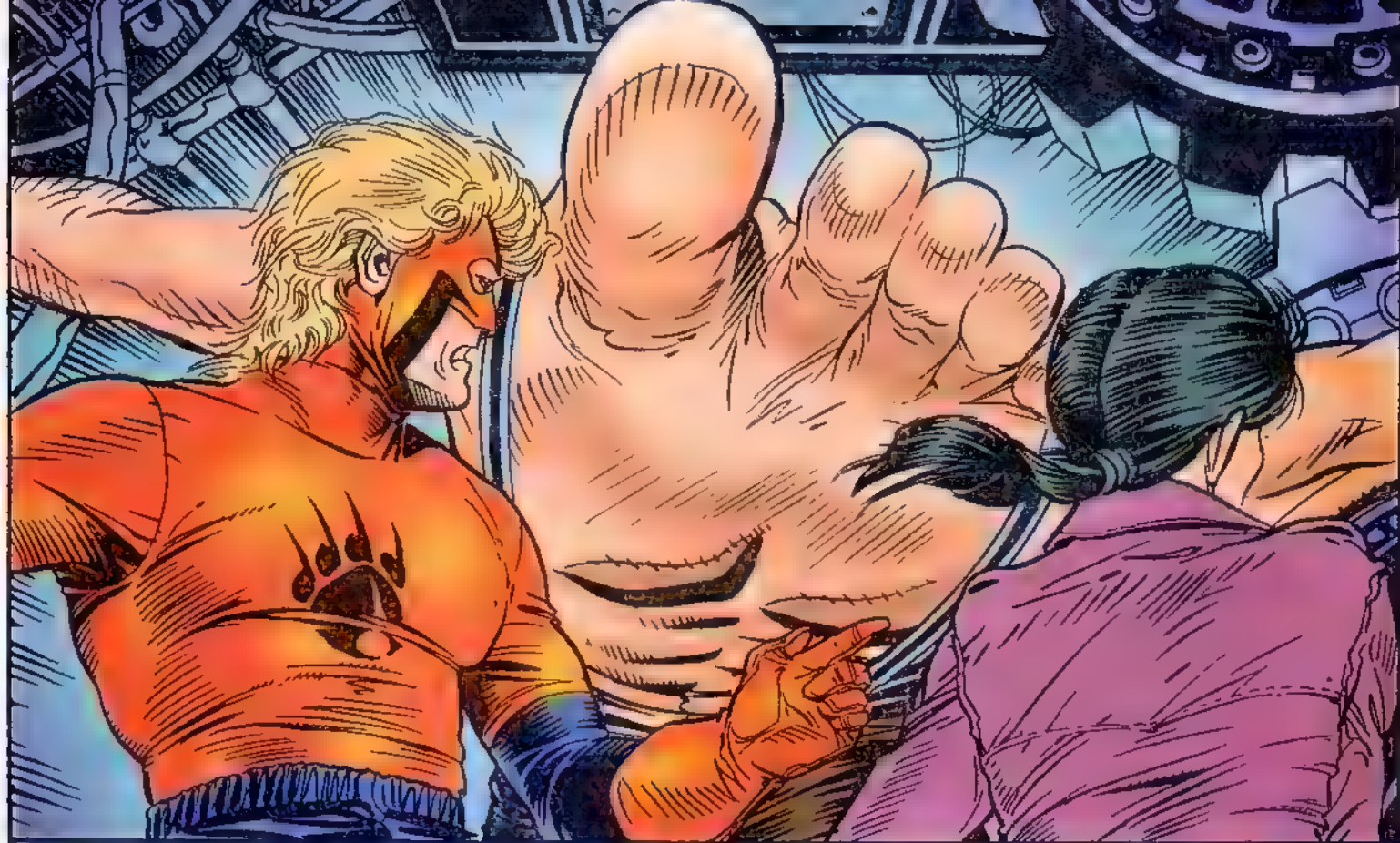




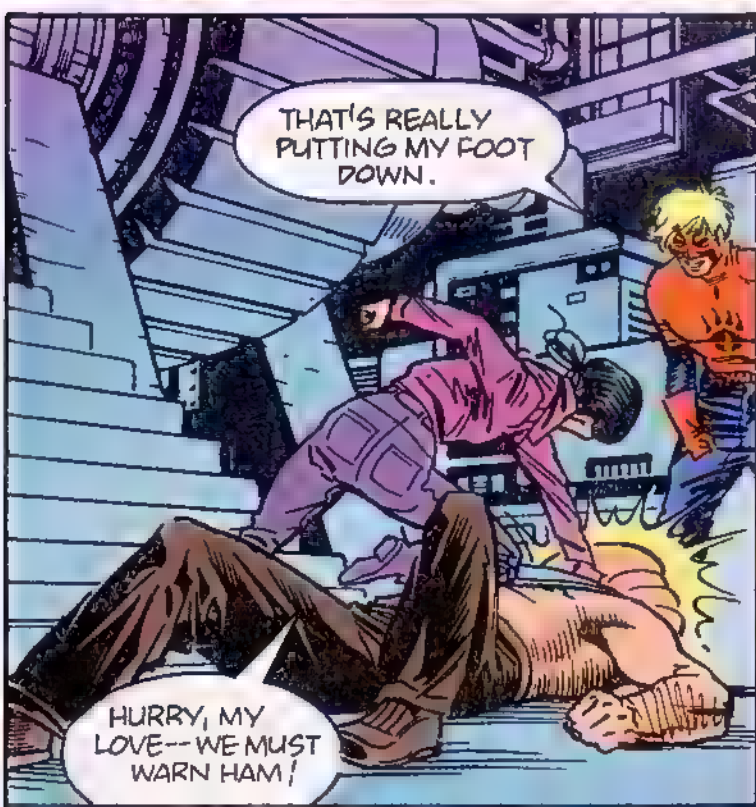
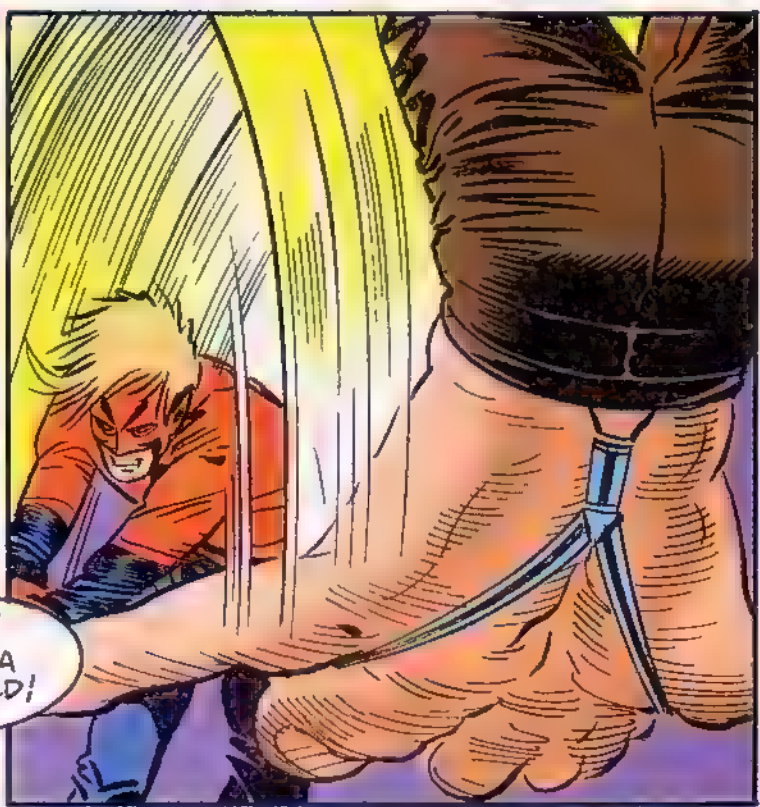






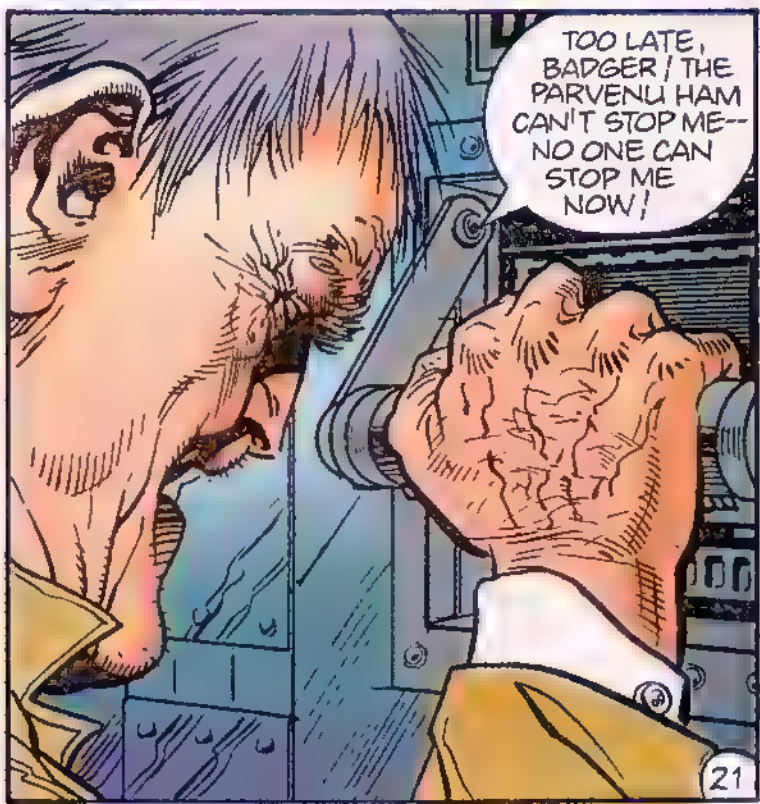


YOW!  
I GOT A  
TOEHOLD!



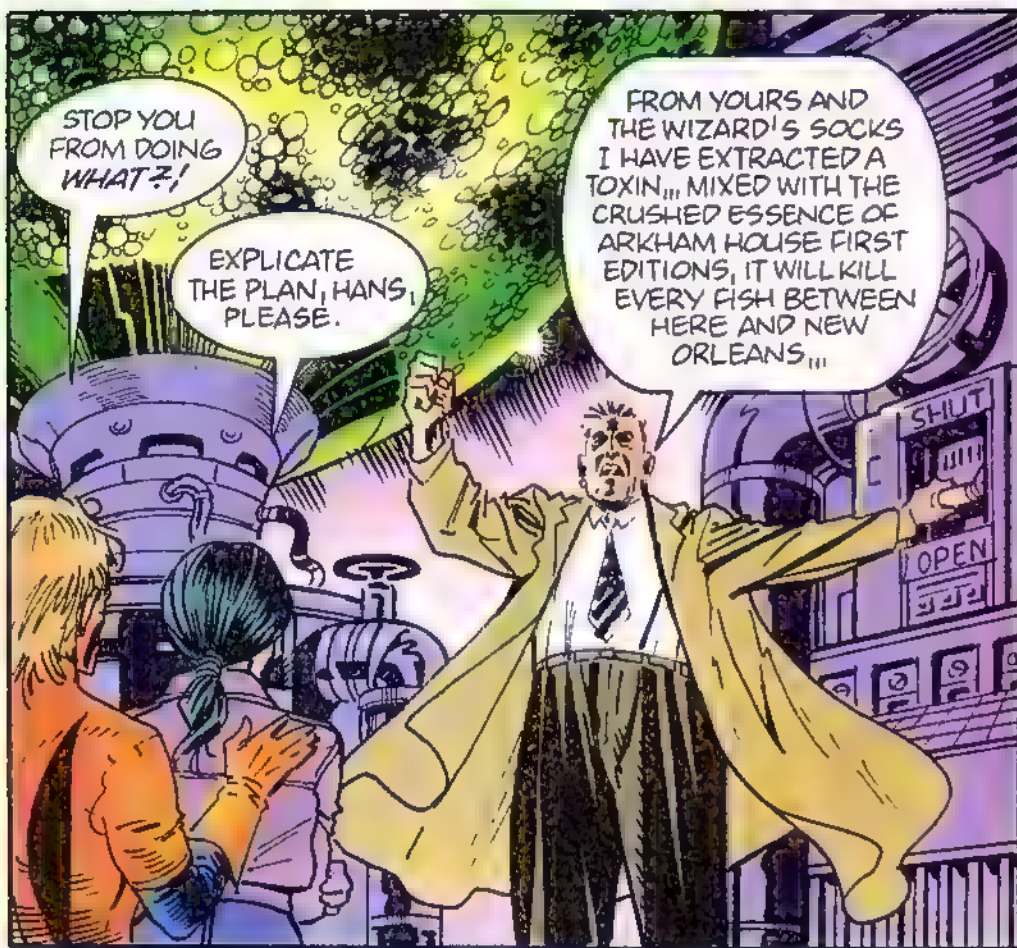
THAT'S REALLY  
PUTTING MY FOOT  
DOWN.

HURRY, MY  
LOVE-- WE MUST  
WARN HAM!



TOO LATE,  
BADGER! THE  
PARVENU HAM  
CAN'T STOP ME--  
NO ONE CAN  
STOP ME  
NOW!

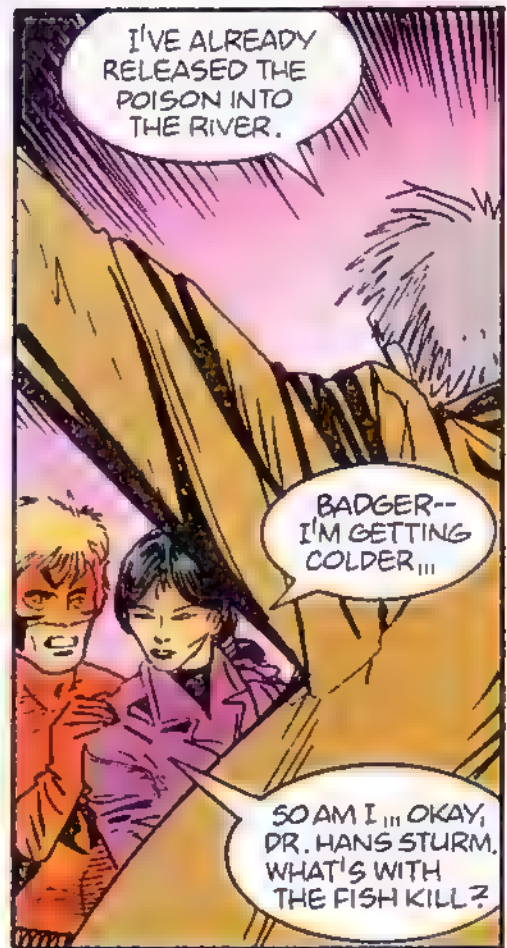




STOP YOU FROM DOING WHAT?!

EXPPLICATE THE PLAN, HANS, PLEASE.

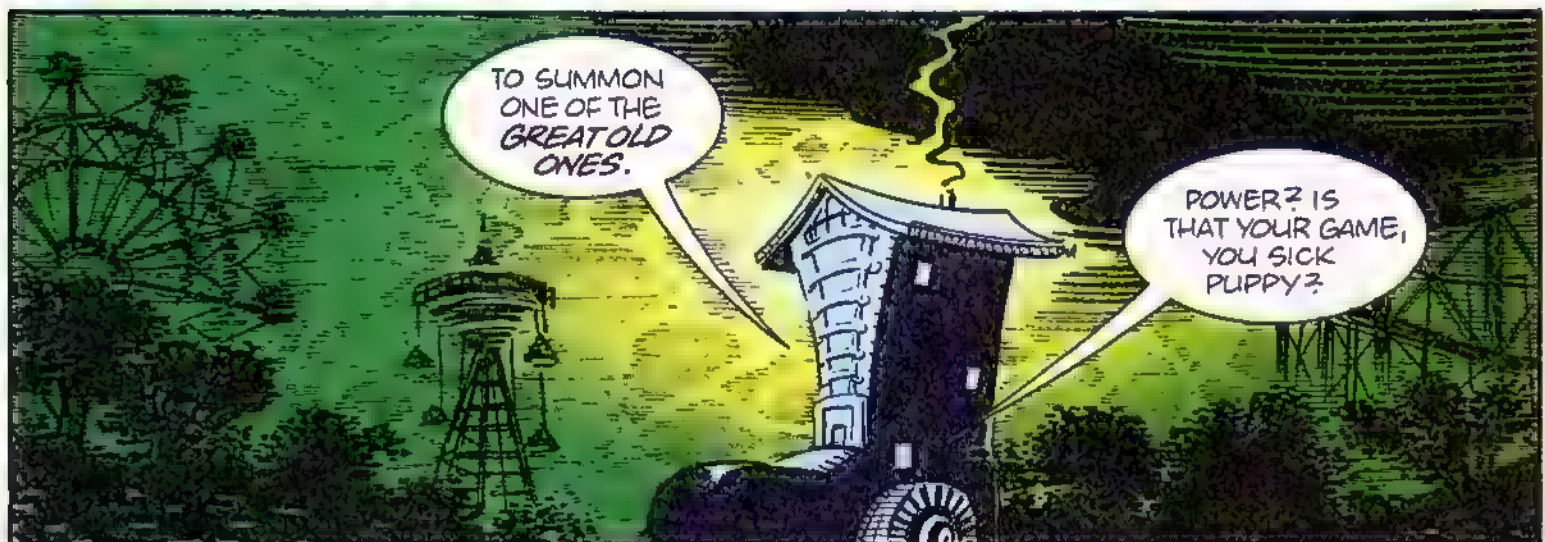
FROM YOURS AND THE WIZARD'S SOCKS I HAVE EXTRACTED A TOXIN... MIXED WITH THE CRUSHED ESSENCE OF ARKHAM HOUSE FIRST EDITIONS, IT WILL KILL EVERY FISH BETWEEN HERE AND NEW ORLEANS...



I'VE ALREADY RELEASED THE POISON INTO THE RIVER.

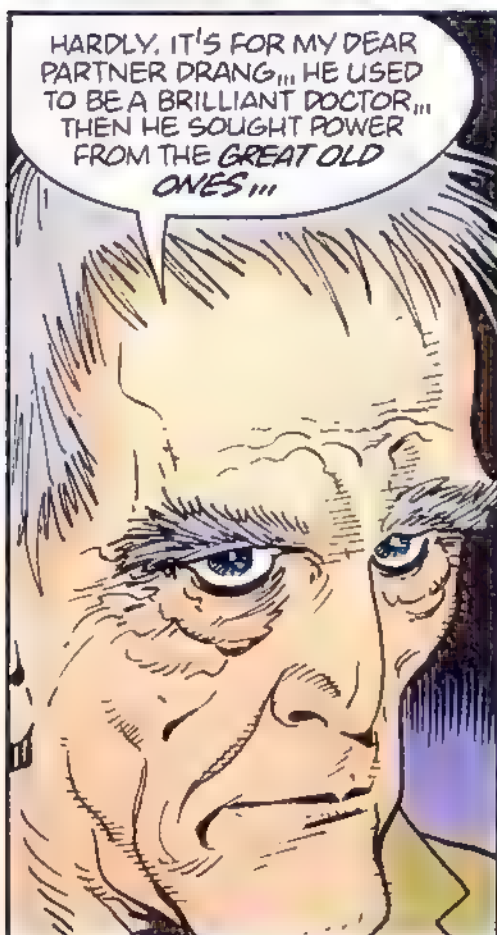
BADGER-- I'M GETTING COLDER...

SO AM I... OKAY, DR. HANS STURM, WHAT'S WITH THE FISH KILL?

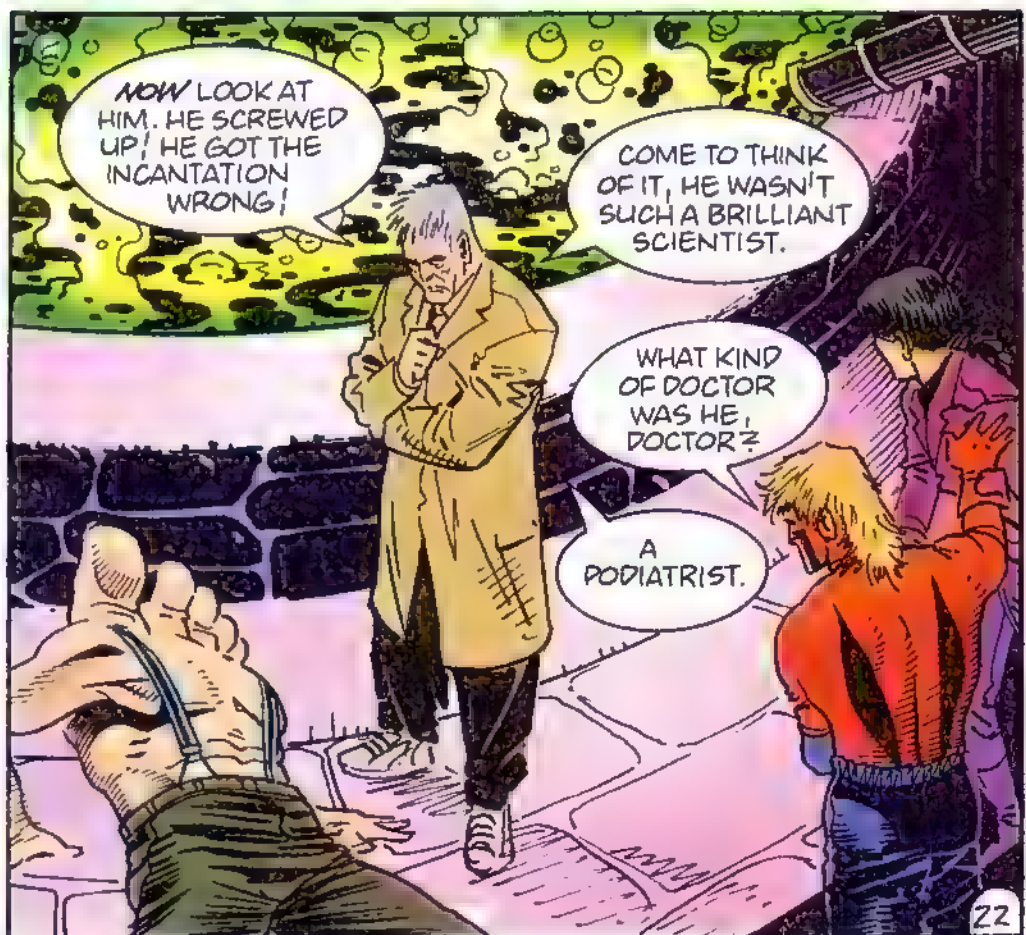


TO SUMMON ONE OF THE GREAT OLD ONES.

POWER? IS THAT YOUR GAME, YOU SICK PUPPY?



HARDLY. IT'S FOR MY DEAR PARTNER DRANG... HE USED TO BE A BRILLIANT DOCTOR... THEN HE SOUGHT POWER FROM THE GREAT OLD ONES...



NOW LOOK AT HIM. HE SCREWED UP! HE GOT THE INCANTATION WRONG!

COME TO THINK OF IT, HE WASN'T SUCH A BRILLIANT SCIENTIST.

WHAT KIND OF DOCTOR WAS HE, DOCTOR?

A PODIATRIST.





DON'T WORRY,  
DIETER! SOON A  
GREAT OLD ONE WILL  
APPEAR AND WE WILL  
PETITION IT TO CHANGE  
YOU BACK.

HEY HANS! I  
KNOW A THING OR  
TWO ABOUT DEMONS  
AND YOU AIN'T GONNA  
CONTROL DIDDLY!



WE'D BETTER  
GET OUT OF HERE.  
THIS PLACE  
STINKS OF MORE  
THAN SOCKS.

LEAD ON,  
OH HEAD-OF-  
HAIR.



THE  
DOOR WON'T  
OPEN!

AN  
ELDRITCH GLITCH  
SURROUNDS THE  
SHOE!



AZATOTH!  
HYUNDAI!  
UNISYS!  
INFINITI!  
FLORSCHHEIM!  
LANIER!

THIS IS  
SHAPING UP  
TO BE ONE  
UGLY GREAT  
OLD ONE.

BY ALL THAT'S  
UNHOLY, GREAT  
OLD ONE  
APPEAR!

THEY  
ARE ALL  
UGLY.

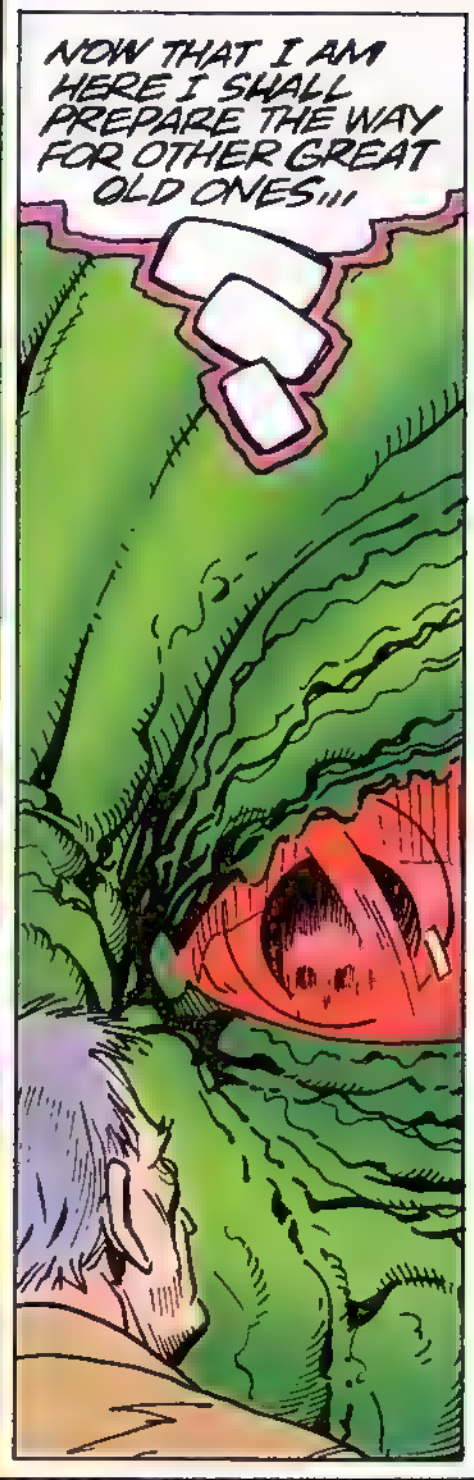




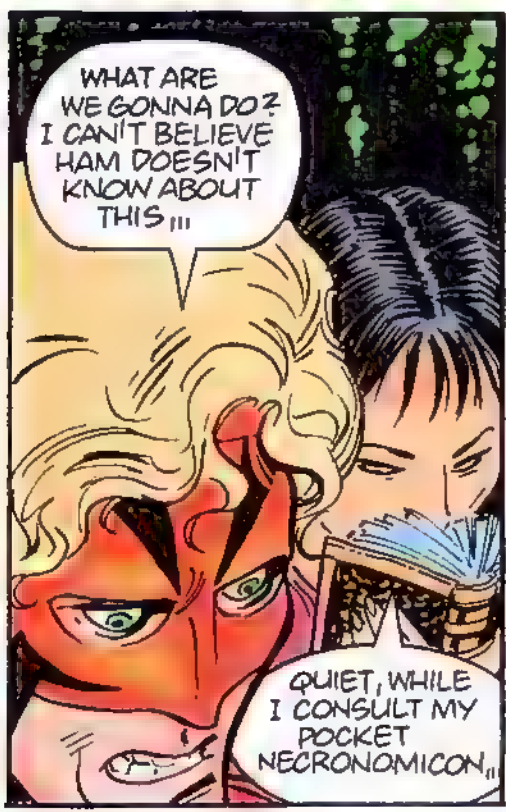
WHO DARES SUMMON FLORSCHHEIM?

IT IS I, DR. HANS STURM/RESTORE MY PARTNER DIETER DRANG TO HUMANITY AND YOU MAY RETURN WHENCE YOU CAME!

FOOLISH MORTAL! I HAVE NO WISH TO RETURN!!!



NOW THAT I AM HERE I SHALL PREPARE THE WAY FOR OTHER GREAT OLD ONES!!!



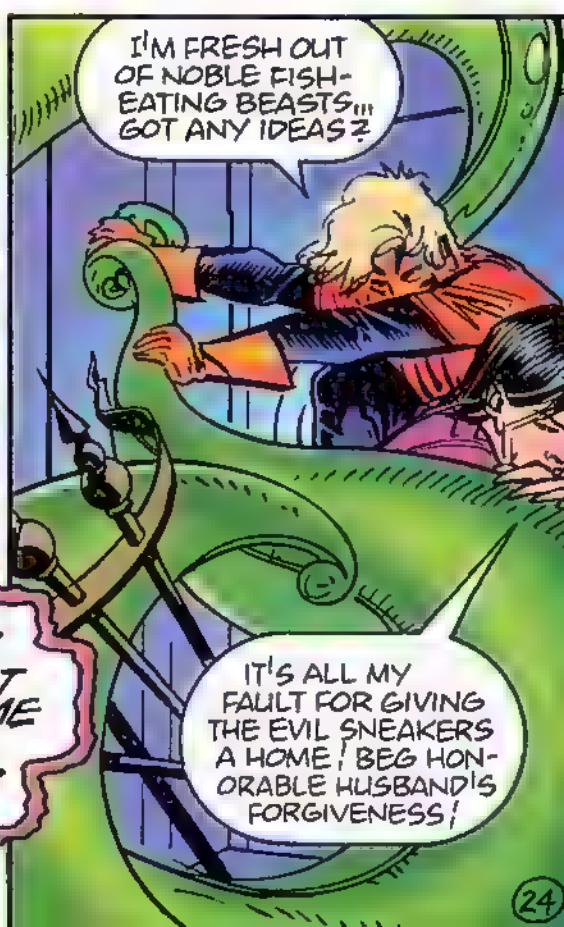
WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO? I CAN'T BELIEVE HAM DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT THIS!!!

QUIET, WHILE I CONSULT MY POCKET NECRONOMICON!!!



IT SAYS ONLY THE SACRIFICE OF A NOBLE FISH-EATING BEAST CAN STOP FLORSCHHEIM!!!

WHAT INTERLOPERS ARE THESE THAT SHOULD ASSUME THE VISAGE OF FEET?



I'M FRESH OUT OF NOBLE FISH-EATING BEASTS!!! GOT ANY IDEAS?

IT'S ALL MY FAULT FOR GIVING THE EVIL SNEAKERS A HOME! BEG HONORABLE HUSBAND'S FORGIVENESS!





SCREEOWCH!!

WHO DARES  
CHALLENGE  
FLORSCHHEIM?

LOOK, HONEY--  
IT'S THAT DARN CAT.  
HE'S GOT A HELL  
OF A NERVE!

SNEAKERS!  
THE NOBLE, FISH-  
EATING BEAST!

COME TO  
ME, FUZZY  
ONE!!! PIQUE  
MY APPETITE.

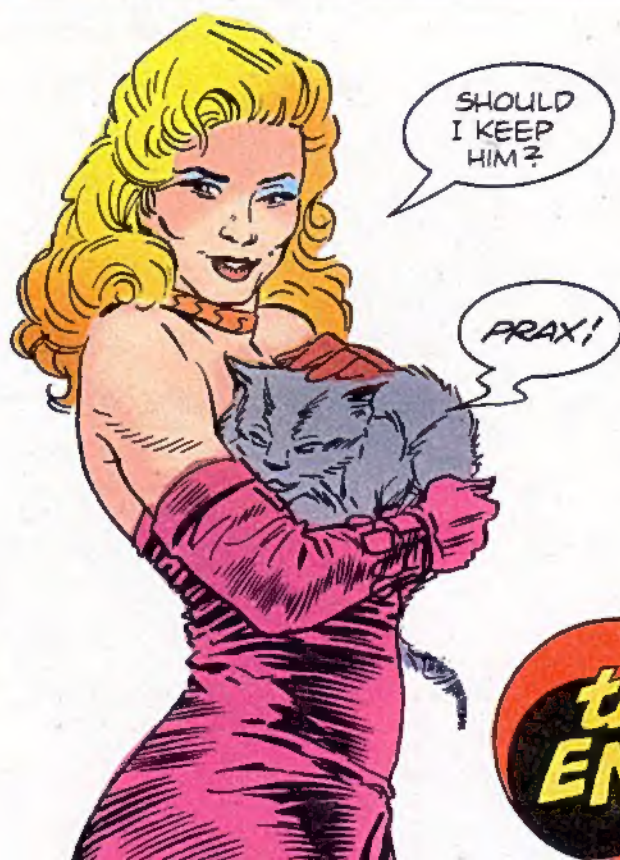
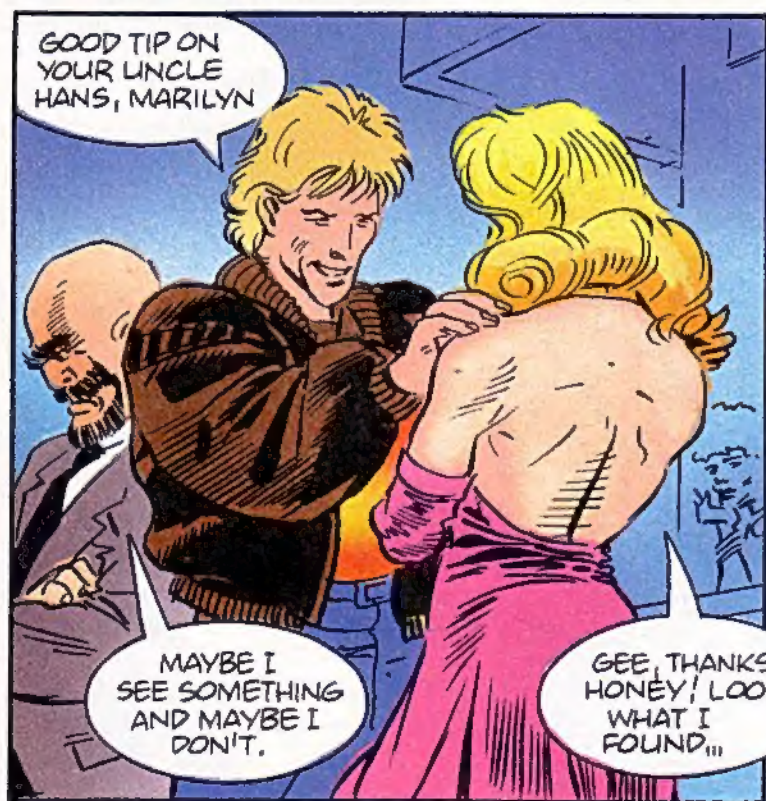
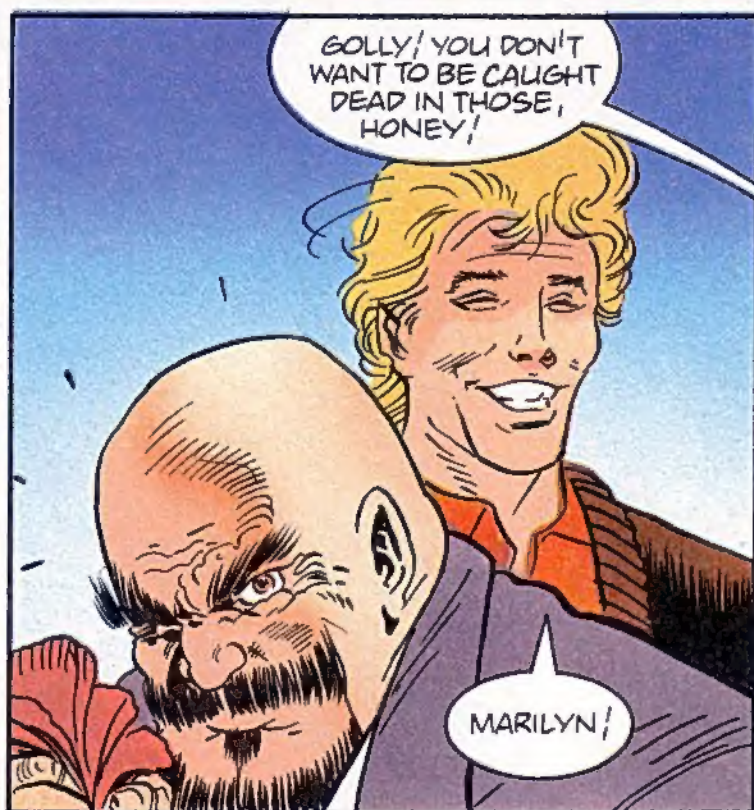
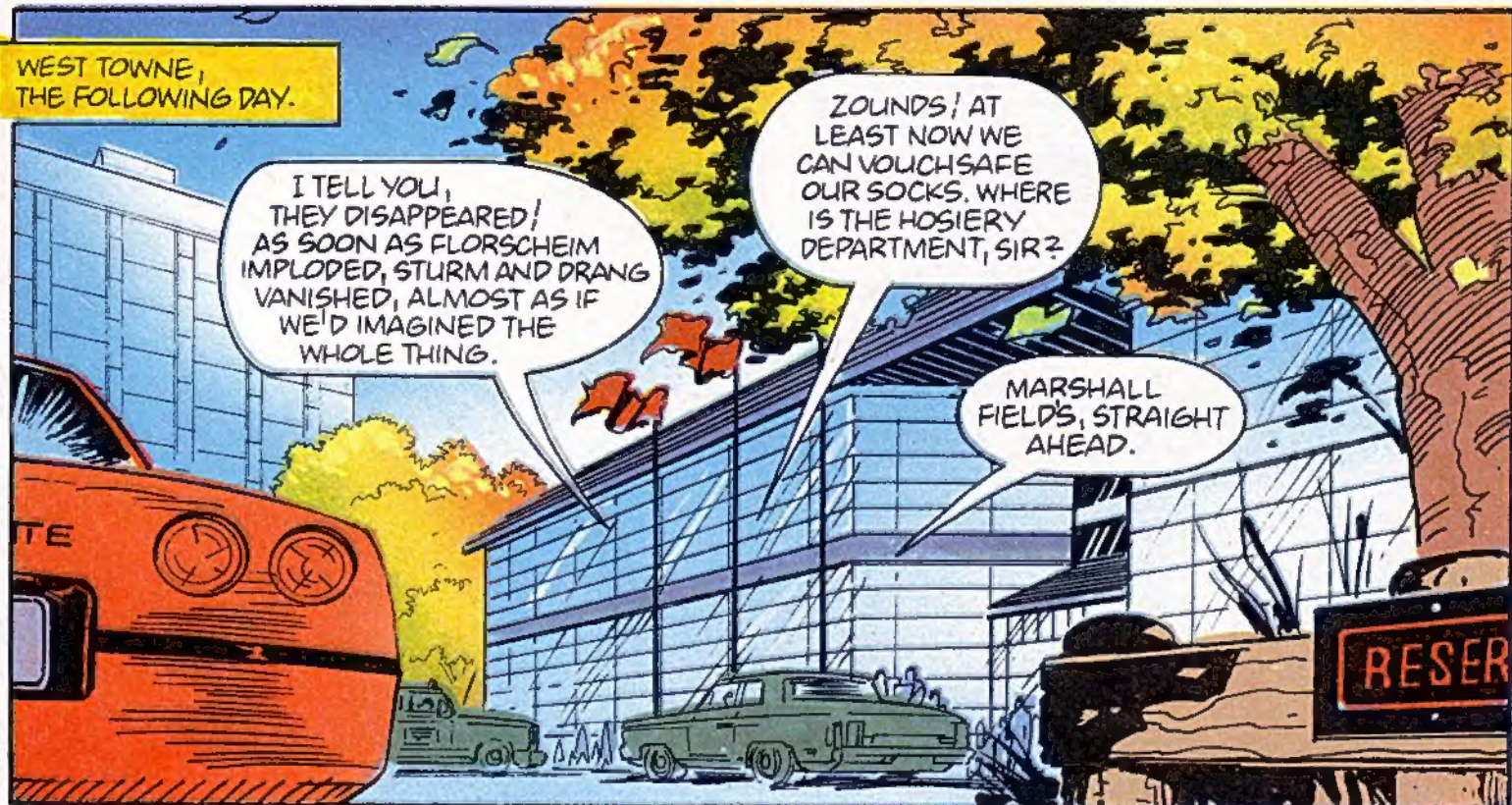
GULP



PLINK



WEST TOWNE,  
THE FOLLOWING DAY.



**the  
END**





# Dear LARRY

c/o FIRST PUBLISHING, INC.  
435 N. LaSALLE  
CHICAGO, IL. 60610

Hey!

I resent the fact that Badger blames me for everything! All that stuff was just sitting there...he wasn't using it, was he? I was only having some fun and I didn't hurt anything so why don't you all just leave me alone, huh? Besides, there was some fat guy killing chickens who gave me the keys to the Corvette.

Lanier Lutefisk  
Box 280  
Bolivar, OH 44612-9614

*Very cute, Mr. Spassov. I suppose the Colonel also gave you Lanier's name, you hoaxer. Now, quit fooling around and write us an honest letter. And how about covering Badger #66? You're late, Lanier.*



Salutations,

Johnny Nappleseed, huh? I think I know his brother; we all call him Pie for short.

Everyone has been asking to see more of Mavis in the stories and on page 9 we certainly do see more of Mavis! Beautiful! What do you think of that, Mrs. Stewart?

One question: how is throwing a piping hot pie in Badger's face (at least let's assume it was his face) going to make him romantic?

All in all, a usually good issue. Keep it up, guys.

Robert J. Spassov  
Box 280  
Bolivar, OH 44612-9614

*That's better. I knew I could depend on you, Robert. "And it's Joe, not Johnny--"*

*As for the pie, well, Pyou can assume it's his face if you want.*

Dear Larry,

Steven Butler draws a hot Mavis. Just thought I'd point that out. Hot, hot, hot. Hot. Glad to get that off my chest. Very hot.

Steven's martial arts sequences are flowing better and better. Badger's fight with the Japanese gardeners on pages 10 and 11 were smooth and logical, a real kung fu treat. The fight with Sonny was powerful, I'd like to see him return to get his tail royally kicked by the Badger. Sonny was threatening and tough; he's the best antagonist Norbert has had since **Hexbreaker**. He's a jerk, too; I'd really like to see him get stomped, even by a wuss like Pierre.

One note to Mr. Butler, though; I've noticed the Badger throwing way too many roundhouses lately, most notably on the cover to **Badger 66**. Big, roundhouse swings are definitely a no-no in the world of martial arts. Try hand strikes instead of roundhouses. They don't telegraph movement and they're very nasty. Clean up this one problem and I'll be totally satisfied.

Did I mention Mavis is looking hot lately? Like page 9 of **Badger 66**? Just wanted you guys to know I still have a pulse, even though I just got married! Mavis? I don't know a Mavis, honey...!

Jerry (Larry) Smith  
106 Bluffside Drive  
Covington, KY 41017



Dear Buckies,

How can you go wrong when Ham, the Weather Wizard meets a Donald in Minneapolis? Not the Donald but an incredible approximation!

"The Wotan Seed" wasn't the

cultural romp that the immediate classic "Kruisin' With The King" was, but it still had a lot to soothe the savage breast of a discriminating reader. Foremost were the musical interludes: put Joe Nappleseed on a "Classic Rock" station and he'd make Cream and Crosby, Stills and Nash oldies but goodies again. Close behind was Joe himself, with his famous name (John Chapman was the real name of Johnny Appleseed, as we history buffs know), his freak flag faded but still proudly worn, without the contempt vegetarians so often have for carnivores. Ham's ode to meat was a better appeal to herbivorousness than k.d.laing's "you'd lose your lunch" declaration. Blood 'n' guts 'n' Arlo Guthrie on the stereo.

So the villains were corporate America! At least their minions were entertaining: humble gardeners who juggle chainsaws. Sonny's quote-and-identify game with Norbert was a hoot, and Mavis certainly knows how to keep a marriage lively.

Steven Butler and Randy Clark just keep getting better and Mike Baron, who, for all intents and purposes, should be burned out on America's Dairyland Psycho, shows no sign of that ever happening. Could this be due to the shifting of editors?

Yeah! Alex Wald! I is talking to you! "The Wotan Seed" may be Bob Garcia's swan song rather than your maiden effort as editor, but if you keep this level of quality going, you'll be a Bucky to rank with the Biggies. Don't let me down, y'hear?

Eat an apple every day and see the doctor anyway.

Charles G. Sperling  
37-15 Parsons Blvd.  
Flushing, NY 11354



